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[JUNE.

THE ECLECTIC:

A

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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1. Doctor Faustus : the Man—the Myth—the Idea. 2. The Fool of Quality.

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NOTICES.

Our MARCH Number for 1859 is out of Print. A few Copies are required by the Publishers, for which Stamps will be sent.

Books for Review, and Correspondence for the Editor, should be sent under Cover, to the Publishers.

Advertisements will be received by MR. FREEMAN, Queen's Head Passage Paternoster Row; MR. WILLIAM WARD, 48 Paternoster Row; MESSRS. NELSON, New Bridge Street; and by the Publishers, MESSRS. JUDSON AND GLASS, New Bridge Street, up to the 25th of each Month.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- A Man's Heart. By Chas. Mackay. London: Smith, Elder and Co.
- Account of the Work of God at Ferryden. By the Rev. Wm. Nixon. Nisbet and Co.
- Alpha and Omega. By George Gilfillan. 2 Vols. London: Hall, Virtue and Co.
- Annotated Paragraph Bible. London: Religious Tract Society.
- Appendix to Messrs. Stevenson's Answer to Sir David Brewster. London: Wm. Blackwood and Sons.
- Brazil. Its History and People. London: Religious Tract Society.
- Ceylon. By Sir Jas. Emerson Tennent, K.C.S., L.L.D., &c. 2 Vols. Longman and Co.
- Commentary on Ecclesiastes, with other Treatises (Hengstenberg). Translated by D. W. Simon. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.
- Commentary on St. John. By Dr. Augustus Tholuck. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.
- Declaration of the Clergy against the Alteration of the Prayer Book. Bell and Daldy.
- Decline of Quakerism. By Rob. Macnair, M. A. Alfred W. Bennett.
- Diary of a Poor Young Gentlewoman. Translated by Anna Childs. Trubner and Co.
- Discourses by Wm. Anderson, L.L.D. 2nd Series. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.
- Divine Life in Man. Preface to 2nd Edition. By J. Baldwin Brown, B.A. Ward and Co.
- Earth's Coming Glory and Man's Future Home. By Rev. R. G. L. Blenkinsopp, B.D. Wertheim and Co.
- Firstborn (The); or, A Mother's Trials. In 3 Vols. By the Author of "My Lady." London: Smith, Elder and Co.
- God's Chosen Fast. London: Jas. Nisbet and Co.
- Havelock. Memoirs of Major General Sir Henry, K.C.B., &c. By Marshman. Longman and Co.
- Impediments to Religion. Wertheim and Co.
- James' Works (Rev. J. A.) Vol 2. Sermons. London: Hamilton, Adams and Co.
- Kathie Brande. By Holme Lea. New Edition. Smith, Elder and Co.
- Life of Captain John Brown. By Jas. Redpath. Thickbroom and Stapelton.
- My First Journal. By Georgiana M. Craik. Macmillan and Co.
- Peace First Found in Believing. By the Rev. John Purves. London: Nisbet and Co.
- Pentecostal Shower. London: Nisbet and Co.
- Pilgrim in the Holy Land. London: Hogg and Sons.
- Poems. By Quintin Bone. London: Rich. Griffin and Co.
- Province of Reason. By John Young, L.L.D. Smith, Elder and Co.
- Racking of Anne Askew. Westminster: J. Nichols and Sons.
- Seed-Time and Harvest of Ragged Schools. By Thos. Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.
- Selections, Grave and Gay. By Thos. De Quincey. 10 Vols. London: Jas. Hogg and Sons.
- Singing at Sight made Easy, (Lancaster System) By Rev. W. Woodman. London: S. Partridge.
- Sixpennyworth of Rifle Shot on Church Matters. By a Political Volunteer. Effingham Wilson.
- Songs of Life. By Wm. Fulford, M.A. London: Alex. Heylin.
- Steayne's Grief; or Losing, Seeking and Finding. London: Wm. Tweedie.
- Still Hour (The); or, Communion with God. By Austin Phelps. Edinburgh: Alex. Strahan & Co.
- Travel Pictures. By B. B. London: T. Nelson & Sons.
- Triumphant Career (The), and its Peaceful Close. By Rev. A. Gordon, L.L.D. Judd and Glass.
- Unity of the Church (The). By Rev. J. C. Galley, A.M. Ward and Co.
- What gives Assurance. By the Rev. Andrew Bonar. Nisbet and Co.
- Wild Sports of India. By Capt. Henry Shakspeare. Smith, Elder and Co.

PERIODICALS.

- Baptist Magazine.
- Bibliotheca Sacra. April.
- Correspondant (Le). April 25th.
- Dublin University Magazine.
- Evangelical Christendom.
- Evangelical Magazine.
- Family Treasury of Sunday Reading. April & May.
- Good Words. Part 5.
- Homilist.
- Liberator. No. 60. May 1st.
- Macmillan's Magazine.

THE ECLECTIC.

JUNE, 1860.

I.

THOUGHTS ON THE REVISION OF THE AUTHORIZED VERSION.

EVERY few years the press teems with discussions of this subject ; with pamphlets, speeches and letters about it ; the controversy then dies away, and in a year or two revives again. The reasons of the periodic resuscitation of the topic are very obvious. Every thinking person must, we suppose, admit, (however paradoxical it may appear), the two statements on which the disputants on both sides chiefly rest ; one of which leads to the perpetual renewal of the strife, and the other to doubts of any practicable method of settling it. The first is, that it must be, and ought to be, the wish of every Christian to remove every speck and flaw from the mirror which reflects Divine truth to us ; and that therefore, if there be any such in the common version, it can never be our duty to perpetuate them. The second is, that though this is undeniable, our common version is so near an approximation to fidelity, and is so masterly in point of expression, that it may be feared that any extensive tampering with it would deteriorate instead of improving it ; and that any gleam of stronger light that might be thrown on an insulated point here and there, on some small angle of truth, might be more than counterbalanced by a frequent, though it might be slight, impoverishing of the expression. To this it is added, that the fabric of popular association, which has gathered, in love and reverence, for more than two centuries about the *Bible as it is*, ought not to be lightly touched ; that the very words and phrases, over which our fathers lingered, which consoled them in sorrow and sustained them in death, and which are diffused through the vast extent of our religious literature, are consecrated to the popular ear, and that no substitutes can have an equal charm. We confess that much is to be said on both sides of this controversy.

VOL. III.



T T

Whenever the controversy is renewed, we are sure to find the customary exaggerations. Men speak as if there were the most urgent reasons for an instant decision of it; extravagant statements are indulged in as to the magnitude of the errors to be corrected in the old version, and the wonderful advantages to be secured by a new one. One would imagine, to hear some good folks talk when under the polemic orgasm, that there was some danger of a plain man's missing his way to Heaven, unless he had a more accurate chart of the voyage than that laid down in the old Bible, which nevertheless has brought so many millions in peace to their "desired haven." At present, as we have said, men's minds seem to be more calm, and to feel that it is a controversy which need not be decided in a hurry; that whatever increase of accuracy might be attained by a new version—even though it were absolutely perfect—is but infinitesimal as compared with the approximate accuracy of the version already in everybody's hands; that it can but give circumstantial exactness to what already has substantial fidelity; that the little gold-dust of truth which a new translation would give us, when summed ever so scrupulously, must be but a very minute fraction compared with the entire mass of shining bullion which the common version faithfully secures to us.

Freed from all exaggerations, however, the subject is of sufficient importance to deserve and demand repeated discussion; and we are not sorry to take an opportunity of recording our own views of it, when, as we have said, there is a temporary pause in the gusts of controversy, a lull in public feeling. In such a moment, we shall best keep our own mind, and the mind of the reader, free from the exaggerations incident to a controversy in full flame, as well as from all impatient solutions of the problem submitted to consideration?

We shall endeavour, without prejudice, and with the utmost sobriety, to state the reasons for and against alterations in the current version; the limits within which any such alterations are either desirable or necessary; and the modes in which, as we conceive, they may be most unobjectionably attempted; attempted not only without any injury to the Authorized Version, but, (which is most desirable), so as not even to involve any solution of continuity in the associations of love and veneration with which the people regard it, or any abrupt transition of feeling in passing from the old to the new. To avoid this evil, even if for no other reason, we should deprecate, in the strongest terms, any proposal to commit to any body of men (be they who they may), the task of giving us an entirely new translation of the whole Bible as a "common version." We shall endeavour to show, before we

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have done, that, in all probability, though they were more learned, as they might very well be, than King James's translators, they would give us a translation, on the whole, much inferior,—certainly inferior in popular power and idiomatic energy,—to that we already possess.

The utmost that any reasonable man would ask is, that unquestionable blemishes should be removed and proved errors corrected, leaving the substance of the sacred volume untouched. Certainly in our judgment nothing but unnecessary risks could ensue from attempting a new translation altogether, if, for the reasons we are about to state, the probability is that a new translation, even though it might successfully achieve the rectification of some trivial errors, or the recovery of some stray particles of circumstantial truth, would be less idiomatic in its general expression, and, consequently, less forcible. The little gained here and there, in a particular passage, would be too dearly paid for by a generally-diffused deterioration of form.

But even were a new translation abstractedly equal in point of expression, it would be mere folly *needlessly* to disturb the charm of association with which, in millions of minds, the very words of the present version are regarded, and which wanton innovation, even though the diction were not deteriorated, must, according to a universal law of our nature, impair.

In fact, however strong reasons justify a doubt whether, in the *present* condition of the language, even the best taste and the most severe self-control on the part of modern scholars could give us, as a whole, so magnificent a specimen of English as our present version. Every cultivated language has its historic development, and there are epochs when, and when alone, relatively to given purposes, it is *in perfection*. Perhaps the period in which the translation of the Scriptures was made was the one in which not only the sinewy strength of the vernacular was unimpaired, but also in a condition of receiving, in relation to popular expression, the *maximum* aid from the foreign and classical elements. A generation afterwards, we may see, in the diction of Jeremy Taylor, Donne, Thomas Brown, and a host of similar writers, how a pedantic (or unconscious) imitation of classical terms and idiom had impaired their use of the vernacular; and how, if *they* had been among the translators of the Bible, it might have coloured and tintured their diction. In our own day, though the ancient pedantry be gone, yet the infusion of the foreign element, owing to the demands of increasing knowledge and science which, in the altered structure of our language, could not be supplied from the vernacular sources, is so enormous, and literary taste is so familiar with that element, that it is very pro-

bably not in the power of any body of Englishmen to turn out such a piece of genuine English as our common version—at least, not *naturally*;—it could only be by a perpetual vigilance, an incessant artificial care which would impart coldness and constraint to their work. That our vernacular tongue is as strong as it is, is owing, in no small measure, to the common version of the Bible. Amidst incomparably higher benefits it has conferred upon us, its literary value has not been small. It has maintained the Anglo-Saxon element in its vigour; it has acted as a breakwater against those encroaching restless waves of change and caprice which are perpetually undermining and breaking down portions of a language, and rendering words, and idioms, and constructions obsolete or obsolescent.

For these reasons, a modern translation of the entire Bible might be more minutely exact; and yet, on the whole, a less luminous and powerful reflection of Divine Truth.

It is observed by astronomers that the planet Venus sometimes shines brightest, not when she is in that part of her orbit where she presents to us her fullest disc, but when she is at that nearer point where she is most intensely illuminated. We see somewhat less of her, but she shines brighter. It is much the same with the translations of a book. A little less of the original may be seen in one than another; nevertheless, preserving substantial accuracy of meaning it may, in addition, be so strongly illuminated—may, by felicity or energy of diction, so influence the imagination and affections of the reader, as to be incontestably superior, and preserve the essential spirit of the book incomparably better.

If any one wishes to see the extent to which infelicities of diction and style may dilute even the spirit of the Bible, wonderfully as it is constructed to aid the translator, and naturally as it clothes itself in the most idiomatic forms of every language into which it is rendered, let him compare some of the passages of the New Testament in the common version with those in the Catholic translation of the Rheim's New Testament. Most thankful, indeed, ought Protestants to be that such a translation is in circulation among British Roman Catholics; for faulty as a translation of the Bible may be, it is impossible for *any* translation, (if tolerably faithful), to disguise its essential facts and doctrines. *Notes* and *glosses* can alone do that, and not, even then, effectually. The "candle of the Lord" shines through even the dullest horn-lantern into which the clumsiest translator may stick it; though it will shine indefinitely brighter in proportion to the transparency of the medium. Similarly, the light may be made dim and ineffectual by the lack of such transparency in the medium, and it is often just so with the renderings in the afore-mentioned version. It is as

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though our friends of the Roman Catholic Church feared there would be an explosion if they did not fix the light of truth in a "safety-lamp," and interpose between its flame and the eye an obscuring gauze. Take the following examples:—

"Who will *reform the body of our lowness*?"—Phil. iii., 21.

"In like manner, ye young men, be subject to the ancients. And do ye all *insinuate humility* one to another."—1 Peter v., 5.

"God is charity, and he that abideth in charity abideth in God."—1 John iv., 16.

"And every spirit that *dissolveth Jesus* is not of God."—1 John iv., 3.

In like manner, the frequent substitution of Latinistic terms for the strong and homely vernacular; as "solicitude" for "care," "longanimity" for "long-suffering," "recede" for "go back," "injustice" for "unrighteousness," "divesting" for "spoiling," "obscenity" for "filthiness," "benignity" for "gentleness," and so on, gives the whole version a certain foreign air, and produces an impression, as we read it, as if a thin veil had been drawn over the words.*

We cannot say that there are many cases in which the *meaning* is unintelligible, even in this version; but it is made much less vivid by the diction employed, which, even in the last revised edition of the version, is far too full of book-words. The style of the Bible is so marvellously constructed for transfusion of its thoughts into all the dialects of the world; it has such strong affinities with whatever is most energetic, simple, and idiomatic in them, that only a translator very skilled indeed in translating badly can render the histories of the Old Testament or the Gospels of the New *very* faulty as regards diction. But, nevertheless, one version, even of those parts, may be indefinitely better or worse than another.

But dismissing the idea of an entirely new translation, or, which would come to much the same thing, the consigning of the entire "common version" to the unlimited tinkering of any man or body of men *on their sole authority*, it must be confessed that a revision rigorously restricted to the passages in which error or other grave defect, (as obsolete forms), is charged, is a totally different thing. No such sweeping changes as might, and pretty certainly would, attend an entirely new version need be introduced in a cautious revision of the old. *Comparatively* few, (however numerous absolutely), are the passages which require any alteration, and the

* An amusing collection of portentous Latinisms are given from the Rhenish Version in Trench's "English, Past and Present." "Impudicity," "ebrieties," "commessations," and "longanimity" would certainly need a dictionary for the bulk of common readers.

difference between re-touching these and giving us an entirely new version, would be as the difference between repairing a little dilapidation in an old fabric, and razing it from the foundations to build it afresh. The accumulations of sacred science during two centuries and a-half are sufficiently large, at least, to justify the attempt at revision, and modern scholarship is fully equal to the task of pronouncing on the value of any proposed emendations.

But even then, we confess reluctance to allow any phalanx of critics, however learned and cautious, to undertake and *complete* the work without, in some sense, the co-operation of the public; that is, we should not like it to be performed on their sole responsibility; we should not like the Bible to be given (so to speak) into their hands, to expunge and alter at their pleasure, and then to be handed back to us as a "Common Version," with the so-called emendations already made, which (without a voice), we are required to accept. We should like the public to have a choice in the matter; to have means of comparison, and time to form a judgment—the learned, on the value of the interpretation; and the general reader, on the merits of the expression in the altered passages.

We will briefly state what seems to us the most unobjectionable mode in which this end might be effected.

We should like, then, to see certain public bodies, which have the requisite wealth and learning (as, for example, the Universities), or the wealth that might hire the learning (as some of our great religious societies), enlisting in the service a number of the first scholars of our day, and assigning to each a moderate portion of the sacred volume for revision. After a diligent examination of the text, and the due use of all philological and critical lights, each might suggest what alterations, in his judgment, were required in the portion consigned to his care; the suggestions of each might be submitted to the rest, and, at last, such emendations as had the general concurrence might be introduced—not into the text of the common version—but into an edition of it, printed in double columns; one of which should be devoted to the text of the common version itself, and the other to the proposed alterations—this latter column, where no alterations were necessary or proposed, being left blank. The emendations should be printed over against the verses which they affected; and, perhaps, in order to throw these out more distinctly before the eye, they might be printed in red letter. At the same time, the *body* of such emendations might be printed separately, in a cheap form, for ordinary readers who could not purchase the more bulky volume. This would obviate the objection that the public would be left, for the time during which opinion was forming on the merits of the

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proposed emendations, in ignorance of what scholarship and research had done for the sacred text and its interpretation during the last two centuries and a-half. The people would have the results, though not incorporated in an edition of the common version, and they could make the comparison for themselves.

It is not for us to suggest the public body or bodies who might take *upon themselves*—for we would have it undertaken *by* themselves—this responsible task. One naturally looks to the Universities as the parties by whom it might be most hopefully entered upon. But, in fact, if the work were attempted simultaneously by two or three public bodies, it might be as well.* No harm could well follow, and some good might. Larger resources of learning, critical skill, and taste would be pressed into the service, and a wider basis of ultimate comparison and selection would be secured; while agreement (and in the majority of cases there would be substantial agreement) would be an additional argument for the soundness of, at least, the *interpretation* arrived at.

Supposing such emendations made, we would then have them, as we have said, left in the hands of the people; that a public opinion might gradually grow up, and express itself about them, before any attempt was made to substitute them for the corresponding passages in the current version. Apart from some such ordeal, by which the value of these emendations might be tested, we fancy that the nation would be loth to give any body of men, however learned, the liberty, and that *they* would be equally reluctant to accept the responsibility, of using the sponge to any part of the received version, and summarily substituting something else in its place. Whatever is done should be done before the eyes of the public, and with the fullest means of judging of its propriety.

Hence the importance we attach to the condition that the proposed alterations should be deliberately submitted to the public eye; not merely that the criticism of the learned might be heard as to the interpretation, but, (what is scarcely less important in such a case), that the voice of the intelligent, though *not* learned, public might be heard on the translation itself; on the merits of the diction and style; whether the words substituted worthily replaced the strong sinewy English of the present version, or whether learning, as so often happens, had diluted the force of expression by fond preference for a classical diction.

Nor let it be supposed that the instincts of unlearned, unsophisticated English ears would be of little value. We have already

* Some of the great societies, the object of which is the diffusion of religious knowledge—and of which the revenues are princely—might legitimately devote a moderate grant from their funds, for a series of years, to so good a work; and if several of them were to join in the object, the tax on each would be light.

said that it would be very possible for a number of learned men to give us a really more accurate translation by availing themselves of all the aids of modern learning and research, and yet systematically deteriorate the whole by dilution of phrase; by a want of tact for perceiving the full force and energy of vernacular idioms and constructions, which, by the way, is usually one of the weak points in men of mere erudition. No wonder that it is so, for learned men read much in foreign languages, and are chiefly conversant with English books in which there is an undue proportion of the foreign element; they are also very often segregated, to a great extent, from the walks of common life, in which the life of the vernacular diction (the Saxon) chiefly circulates. In English, the native and the foreign elements, the confluence of which forms it, are both very large; an immense number of our synonyms are derived from both; but it is those derived from foreign sources which are most naturally suggested to habits of learned thought. Unless, therefore, erudition is conjoined with unusual activity of the imagination (and great linguistic and philological talent is seldom allied to a poetic temperament); unless it also has its tendencies corrected by perpetual familiarity with the literature in which the dialect of common life is principally found, the diction it employs is certain to be coloured by an excessive infusion of the classical elements of our language.

Take, for example, Lowth, a man, not only of learning, but of elegant imagination and accomplished taste. His translation of Isaiah bears witness to his possession of all these qualities; yet how often has he diluted the force of the diction in his attempt to mend the common version! No doubt his translation has still graver faults; he is often bold, even rash, in his interpretations, founded, as they not seldom are, on conjectural, or very partially sustained emendation of the text; and this shows us, by the way, how unwise it would be to give any individual men authority to substitute their translations for those of the common version till general criticism has thoroughly sifted them. But, to waive that, for it is in point of diction that we more particularly speak of Lowth's version at present. It cannot be denied that he has, in many cases, made real improvements, so that, on the whole, he has produced a version of great merit and elegance; yet it is equally undeniable, we think, that an ear thoroughly attuned to the vernacular, will detect a pervading languor of expression as compared with the energy of the common version, arising from the insensible preference of a highly-cultivated literary taste for the classical elements in our language. To go no further than the First Chapter for a specimen, who can endure the substitution of the frigid, general term "possessor" for the appropriate word

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"owner," or the "crib of his lord" for "his master's crib;" where the latter has not only the advantage in the terms, but in the brief construction also? "The ox knoweth his owner," says the common version, "and the ass his master's crib." "The ox knoweth his possessor," says Lowth, "and the ass the crib of his lord." Isaiah i. 26, "Afterward thou shalt be called the city of righteousness, *the faithful city*"—C. Version. "And after this," says Lowth, "thy name shall be called the city of righteousness, the faithful metropolis!" In this passage, surely the affected phrase "faithful metropolis," equally injures the diction and the rhythm. Chap. i. 29—36, "For ye shall be ashamed of the *ilexes* which ye have desired. . . . When ye shall be as an *ilex* whose leaves are blasted." What is the particular advantage that is to countervail the introduction of the "ilex," in place of the "oak" of the common version, we know not. It may be said, perhaps, that an "ilex" is an "ilex," and there is an end of the matter. But Lowth himself acknowledges that the meaning of the Hebrew term is dubious; he might, therefore, have left the word as it was. It had the merit of being, at least, intelligible to the common reader.

In short, we will venture to say, that where there is no change of meaning—Lowth's substitution of terms, or changes of construction, are for the worse, either in point of energy, or rhythm, nine times out of ten.

Hence, in our judgment, the necessity that popular *feeling*—the intuitive taste of those who cannot criticise the rendering, but can criticise the diction, should have opportunity of declaring itself.

But to return. If the cautious and temperate emendations, proposed and published in the way described, were laid before the people, a public judgment with respect to them would, in time, be expressed; learning would canvass the interpretation, and even the common reader would compare, and try by the ear, the merits of the expression. Of many minute changes the obvious justice would be recognized at once; and, with regard to others, though it would not be possible to count votes, a general concurrence of approval or disapproval might and would be inferable from the verdicts of the organs of public opinion. —Thus to sift and canvass the work of critics, and to afford opportunity to public opinion deliberately to give or withhold its sanction, might take a score of years or so; but that would be of little consequence as compared with the importance of the object, and its satisfactory ultimate attainment; and, at all events, as we have already said, none, during this interval (be it long or short), would be defrauded of any of the lights derivable from modern learning and research—

since the *results* of all would be in their hands, though not incorporated as yet with the text.

When such sanction has been given by the general, though not formal, concurrence of the collective intelligence of the nation, it would be possible to authorize a body of critics to incorporate the emendations in the text.

If any such gradual method of effecting this great object were adopted, it would, at least, be attended with this advantage; it would be possible to hope that we might still have such a thing as a "common version." We have expressed a doubt whether any men would like to have the responsibility imposed on them, "as a Commission," to thrust out portions of the present translation, and thrust something else of their own in its place, without consulting the public feeling; but we have no manner of doubt that if *they* were ever so willing, very few people would be disposed to acquiesce in such a summary proceeding; they would cling to the Old Bible in preference to what they would be disposed to consider—if only because their ear, their associations, and their judgment had never been prepared for them—as "new-fangled alterations." The inestimable advantage of having a "common version" of universal use and reference must be lost to us from that day.

The plan proposed would also secure another advantage, on which we have laid much stress. In truth, it is no trifling one. By allowing time for the formation of public opinion on the value of the emendations, and getting the public ear as well as judgment in their favour, there would be no sudden shock to feeling, no charm of ancient association sacrificed till new associations had encrusted themselves around the proposed novelty; no chasm to leap, in passing from the old to the new; none of that startling unwelcome surprise which would be felt if a "Commission" of critics took the common version into their closets, and brought it out with a number of perfect novelties inserted, instead of the well-remembered words and phrases. The translation would be apt to look, to the unprepared common reader, as if it had become pie-bald, or as though "pieces of new cloth had been sewn on to the old garments."

One, and not the least, curious feature of a temperate revision *printed* in the form we have proposed, would be that it would distinctly show how few passages comparatively required alteration. Not a few of the *second* columns, in which the departures from the common version were alone registered, would be quite blank; many more nearly so; so meritorious as a translation, and so masterly as a piece of English, is the present version! Not that, as we have conceded, this approximate accuracy should prevent any attempt to render it yet more accurate, care only being taken that the attempt be such as really to improve and not to impair.

It will be seen from our remarks, that we attach an importance to the *manner* of translation, to the *expression*, only inferior to that we attach to the *matter*; and, in the case of the Bible, most justly; for there the *form* is also of the *essence*. In all works of genius, indeed, the connection between thought and its symbol is indissoluble, and, to injure the diction is to rob the thought; but, most of all, in that book in which the genius that composed it was, without a figure, “divine;”—informed and animated by the inspiration of that spirit which “knew” perfectly “what was in man”—all the avenues to all his faculties; and which designed the Bible not only to convey truth, but to convey it in a manner adapted to lay hold of all the constituents of our nature—to seize alike the memory, the imagination, the affections, and the heart.

To sum up what we have said:—That a temperate revision of the “common version” should be attempted we have no doubt, provided only these conditions be secured:—1st. That the task can be achieved without introducing more error than will be corrected; and this danger can hardly be, if, leaving the bulk of the present version as it is except where error is charged, the small portions in which it is charged were adjusted to the interpretation which two centuries of investigation may have established as the *true*. 2ndly. Supposing the infinitesimal increase of accuracy thus conferred on the translation is not more than paid for by impoverishment of diction or style; and this again could hardly be, provided the bulk of the authorized renderings remained unchanged, and criticism only ventured to deal with those in which the advance of philological and historical knowledge had discerned a flaw; and, 3rdly, provided there was no summary foisting of these supposed emendations into the text on the sole responsibility of any learned man, or body of learned men; or till the public could form and express its judgment respecting them.

If these conditions for the safe performance of the task be secured, we deem it plain as any proposition can be made, that it should be *attempted*; and for this simple reason already urged, that it must be the wish of every Christian man to render the translation of the Word of God as perfect as it can possibly be made; and, therefore, not to plead for the perpetual retention of any removable errors or blemishes, great or little. This we regard as a self-evident truism to every Christian, and beyond all doubt or dispute. To present an exact mirror of the meaning of the Word of God, even to the minutest part of it, without flaw, or speck, or distortion, must be the wish and aim, at least, of every one who knows what he means, when he says that he believes the Bible is the “Word of God.”

And that the *effect* of the sum of the many little improvements

that might be introduced—minute though they severally be—would not be inconsiderable, may be easily imagined. Who can doubt it, that considers the immense labours that have been expended on the text itself—on the grammar and philosophy of the sacred languages—on the more accurate investigation of oriental history and antiquities, manners and customs, since our venerable translators completed their work? Though in such revision no one passage of importance were altered, the collective effect of a number of minute improvements (like the last touches of the sculptor's chisel or the painter's brush when the work seems, to every eye but the artist's, finished), might greatly add to the beauty of the whole; as, on the other hand, the collective effect of a number of deteriorations, though each trifling, might greatly *impair* that beauty. Hence, effectual securities are necessary that any alterations should be improvements, and that there should be no rough handling of such an heirloom as the English nation possesses in the common version.

A certain class of minute improvements, that would commend themselves to instant and universal approval, would alone add not a little to the elegance, and detract nothing from the fidelity of the version. They are too obvious to need mention. Our translators have unhappily adopted certain literal translations of Hebrew idioms, which having passed into common speech, suggested nothing coarse to oriental ears, and would also sound less coarse in our ancestors' ears than in our own. They might be readily exchanged for modes of expression which, being the correspondent idioms of our own speech, mean with us just what the original expressed to the Hebrews, and would, therefore, be in fact a more *faithful*, though a less literal, reflection of the sense. We need not particularise any of these few expressions; for which, indeed, the common sense of the public reader generally substitutes a ready equivalent. But it is well to get rid of them, if only to silence the prudery of a captious infidelity which, amidst the often unutterable impurities of its own literature, is apt to be seized with qualms of scrupulous delicacy when it is its cue to dilate on the grossness of the Bible! The grossness consists, however, in renderings ill-adapted to our Western ears, not in idioms of the East, which, as commonly received forms of speech, conveyed none of the indelicacy which we fancy in them to those who daily used them.

Similar observations apply to the translation of some of the oriental tropes. These are sometimes rendered, not as they ought to have been, in accordance with the principles of *really* faithful translation, into equivalent tropes of our own language, but into the terms which literally stand for them. It is justly remarked

by Campbell in his "Philosophy of Rhetoric," that different nations, following different analogies or fancies, or the notions of their current physiology, have assigned very different organs of the body as the habitat of the very same emotions. In every such case, truth of translation would require that the trope should be rendered into correspondent tropes, not into the literal terms, which in the language of the translator may have, and generally have, no tropical equivalence. For example, the word "bowels" when used metaphorically for "compassion" should be rendered by the word "heart," which we westerns have generally fixed upon as the symbolical seat of the same emotion. When once such a symbol of speech has become the *established sign* of a purely mental conception, those who ordinarily use it think no longer of the original meaning of the word—of the organ which has given origin to the metaphor. When the Hebrews or Greeks used "bowels" for "compassion," they were doubtless as little troubled with any ludicrous visual images as we, when we speak of a man of a tender "heart," are led to think of the physical organ—the cone of flesh—so called. Yet, because we have a different trope from theirs (though they had ours too), the use of the word "bowels" in some contexts gives our translation a ludicrous air; just as to an oriental many of our metaphors, for which they have no literal counterpart, would also sound uncouth or ridiculous. The true method of giving the faithful translation of all such expressions would be to render them, not into their literal, but their tropical equivalents.

Another obvious improvement would be the getting rid of by far the greater part of the italics with which our too scrupulous translators have loaded the sacred page, and which give the ignorant reader an idea that they have added a great deal of their own, whereas in nine cases out of ten these italics simply express what is included essentially in the Hebrew and Greek forms of speech, in the idioms and inflections, and are a substantive part of the rendering.

Other, and still more important emendations, such as improvements occasionally in the syntax, the getting rid of forms once current, but now truly archaic; and, in not a few instances, the correction of positively obscure or erroneous translations, will be found specified in Chapters V. to X. of the interesting work by Dean Trench, recently published, and entitled "On the Authorised Version of the New Testament, in Connection with some Recent Proposals for its Revision."*

* An obvious improvement in *form* would be gained by the adoption of the principle of the paragraph Bible. The convenience of the old division into verses, for the purpose of reference, might still be secured by printing the numbers, as in that Bible, in the margin, without making each verse a paragraph in itself.

Some translations of insulated portions of the New Testament have recently been made in this country with the professed design of "improving" the common version. The attempt which has excited most attention is that under the joint editorship of five clergymen of considerable reputation for talent and learning, of whom Dean Alford is one.

This attempt, at all events, illustrates one point—the very limited amount of change that any judicious editing can operate in the "common version." It is impossible not to award great praise to our "five divines" for moderation and self-control in a case in which there are so many temptations to *overdo*, if only to show to critical acumen that the task is not a needless one! But instead of indulging the love of novelty, they have acted on the principle of doing a minimum;* and the consequence is, that we may read page after page of their new translation, and find only a few verbal changes; not always, by the way, necessary, and we must add not always, in our estimation, improvements. We cannot, for example, say that the words, "My meat is *to do* the will of my father" are improved by the form, "My meat is *to be doing* the will of my father;" nor, as we think, is the alteration in John, xiii. 23, at all to be commended. The word "leaning" seems to us the only genuine English word which expresses the posture; and as the ancient custom at meals is universally known, we cannot see what end is answered by lengthening and weakening

* We wish we could say as much for the "first part" of a New Translation of the New Testament by the Rev. T. S. Green, M.A., containing the Gospel of St. Matthew and the Epistle to the Romans. It has comparatively few important changes as regards *meaning*; but it strongly illustrates two other points on which we have insisted; that it is very possible to deteriorate the common version by change of diction; and that in any attempt at revision, it is necessary that many minds should be engaged upon it, not only as mutual aids, but as checks. We think that we may affirm that nearly all the changes of phraseology proposed by Mr. Green are palpably for the worse, and that he could not have given them to any public co-adjutors with an ear for genuine English or any purity of taste. As we deem it a duty to give some proof of our assertions, we would cite the following renderings:—"Well done, good and *trusty* servant; thou wast *trusty as far as a few matters*, I will place thee in control of many, enter the joy of thy master."—Matthew, Chap. xxv. 23. Or, "how can one enter into the house of the strong man, and *pillage his chattels*, unless he should first bind the strong man."—Matthew, Chap. xii. 29. "And whenever the unclean spirit has gone out of the man, it *traverses waterless* places, seeking rest, and finds none."—Matthew, Chap. xii. 43. "And if God thus *attires the herbage* of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is thrown into the oven, will he not much more clothe you, you *scant* of faith."—Matthew, Chap. vi. 30. "And if thy right hand is *stumbling thee*, cut it off, and throw it from thee; for it is for thy good that one of thy members should be lost, and not thy whole body go *away* into Gehenna."—Matthew, Chap. vi. 30. "And if you greet your brethern only, in what are you *outdoing*?"—Matthew, Chap. v. 47. "Blind folk regain sight, and lame ones walk, lepers are cleansed, and deaf ones hear, dead ones are raised, and *poor folk are addressed with good tidings*; and blessed is he whoever is not *stumbled in me*."—Matthew, Chap. xi. 5, 6.

the word into the phrase, "reclining at meat." We may say the same of several verbal alterations which appear to us to convey neither more nor less than the terms which were previously used, and which might therefore have been retained. "Thou wast *altogether* born in sin" seems to us every whit as good as "Thou wast *wholly* born in sin," which change of word is the only alteration in the verse. In like manner, some of the transpositions of words, where no change of them is proposed, are, we fancy, wholly unnecessary, and occasionally render the passage less musical. "Neither pray I for these alone" does not seem to us to be improved by the form, "Yet not for these alone do I pray."

On the whole, however, these tentative efforts of our five divines deserve high praise; most of all for the severe self-control which the editors have exercised, and their superiority to the littleness of ostentatiously innovating for innovation's sake. Of one thing we are certain, that their labours must have a happy tendency at least in checking all exaggerated estimates of the error which remains to be corrected in the common version, and of the improvements of which it is susceptible. We entirely agree in the statements with which their modest preface commences. They say, "Refraining altogether from any expression of opinion respecting the desirableness of an Authorized Revision of the existing Version, we have thought that the best method of allaying agitation, and enabling those who cannot examine the question for themselves to form a correct view of the real state of the case, would be to offer as faithful and complete a version of a portion of the New Testament as it was in our power to construct. In so doing, however, we have kept two objects distinctly in our view: the one to exhibit in the fullest, most honest, and most loyal manner the actual meaning of the inspired Word of God, allowing no subjective preferences or preconceived views to interfere with this simple and faithful exposition in English of the original text of Holy Scripture; the other, to show, as far as is compatible with this first and chiefest object, that the Authorized Version is indeed a precious and holy possession, and that the errors of it are very slight and few in comparison of its many and great excellencies."

We commend the whole of this preface to the attention of the reader, as well as the very interesting and able work of Dean Trench. Both will have the effect of healthfully stimulating public attention to this important subject, and of helping to form public opinion upon it.

II.

LIFE AND HEALTH ASSURANCE.

THERE are few financial arrangements connected with personal prudence and foresight with which it so much behoves the public to be acquainted, and with which, nevertheless, they are so little acquainted, as Life Assurance, or a provision against the calamity of premature death; and also under those various other aspects in which it presents itself as an alleviation of misfortune and sickness in association with Friendly and Benefit Societies. The causes of the prevailing ignorance on these matters are due partly to the general indifference of mankind respecting the future, but principally to the lack of accessible and readable information about them. This latter cause, again, is traceable to others, such as the inherent difficulty of popularizing purely technical and financial subjects, and the number of subsidiary topics which spring up at every attempt to make the science intelligible, each of which seems to demand explanation before proceeding further. The number of persons possessing an accurate and extended knowledge of Life Assurance principles and practice has hitherto been very small, nor is it large even in our day. Actuaries* have not been so much specially educated for their profession, as inducted into it by fortuitous occurrences. Even though the number of competent persons may be larger than it once was, yet these professional men seldom have the faculty of popular exposition, or in the few cases where they possess it, they are commonly so lucratively and thoroughly occupied, that they are indisposed and unprepared to spend time in teaching elements, and in addressing the common people in unauthoritative and unpretending modes. There are, indeed, numerous self-styled Lecturers on Life

* It may be well to explain at once and for all some principal terms. An *Actuary* is the financial manager of an Assurance Company, and, either by himself or with assistants, its computer and accountant. *Directors* advise, with the *Medical Officer*, upon the acceptance or rejection of lives offered for assurance upon certain rules called *premiums*. These are founded upon *Rates of Mortality*, and are graduated according to the age at the time of Assurance. The term *Life Office* is the most convenient designation of the Company, or Society, or Institution which assures lives, and which may either be *Proprietary*, or founded upon shares for which interest is paid, or *Mutual*, in which case the assurers all form a co-partnership; or *Mixed*, in which the two other principles are combined. The *Policy of Assurance* is that parchment or paper document which the assurer receives upon paying his first premium, and which binds the office. A *Life-Assurance* contract, in its simplest form, is a contract entered into by a public society to pay upon the death of a subscriber to its funds a fixed sum of money, either with or without additions derivable from its surplus funds. On his part the assurer engages to pay a premium, or computed equivalent for the assurance, either annually, during life, or for a fixed number of years. All the more complex, or more peculiar contracts of Assurance are founded upon similar conditions, varied according to the diversities of the several cases and customers.

Assurance who visit provincial towns and villages, and placard the walls with their announcements; but it is soon discovered that these gentlemen are the agents, or paid advocates, of particular societies or offices, a discovery which naturally rather weakens their hold upon the public, and destroys their claim to pure benevolence in the proclamation of their knowledge.

Such are a few of the more obvious ways of accounting for the prevailing ignorance. It is our present intention to endeavour, within moderate limits, so to expound the principles and practices of Life Assurance against death and personal incapacity, that our readers may gain a vantage ground from which they may, at any time, scrutinize more effectively any particular project or proposal laid before them for the purpose of obtaining their patronage and personal connection with it. In so doing we shall employ the plainest language, and avoid all technicalities which can be avoided, while we shall explain the few we are compelled to employ. Our aim will also be, not so much to explain what is already explained in one or two tracts or tractates upon the subject, as to unfold what is not usually explained, and to give our readers the fruits of a good deal of research and inquiry which they will not easily find elsewhere ready to their hands. We shall rather place them in a position to judge for themselves, and to follow their own conclusions, than enlarge upon themes and schemes in a manner better suited to a special pleader than an instructor. Nor is it an unimportant point that the writer is unconnected with any Office or Society, and that he therefore speaks without any bias to particular persons or plans, and purely with a view to the information and interest of his readers.

First, and principally, with reference to Life Assurance—a Company established for the purpose of assuring lives, proposes to convert a physical uncertainty into a pecuniary certainty. Proverbially, one of the most uncertain events in the whole round of occurrences, is the time of any individual's death, but although the duration of one person's life is so uncertain, the duration of a considerable number of healthy individuals' lives can be reduced to an average of figures, which long experience has proved to be as fixed as any law of Nature. Not more assignable is the course of the sun and the orbits of the stars, than is the collective duration of human life in a large number of ordinarily healthy men and women. The great aim has been to arrive at the *precise* knowledge of the duration of Assurance life collectively, and not to conjecture it loosely and vaguely—as for many years even professional men were compelled to do; with this aim a true Rate of Mortality has been sought after by noting the births and deaths of a given number of persons in a town or district. From observations of this kind at Northampton and Carlisle arose the two well-known Mortality Tables, termed, respectively, the Northampton and Carlisle. The former, being earlier, was the table adopted by the earlier offices; the latter, which is the later, and far the truer, is the basis of most modern business. But, since its adoption still truer Tables have been formed, which are

founded on the returns made to the Registrar-General, and these are called the English Life-Tables. Dr. Farr, attached to the Registrar's-office, has carefully observed the Registration returns, and improved the Life-Tables; so that now we have really correct and reliable data of the expectation of human life from any given age up to death. We are so near the real mortality, that future knowledge will not probably materially interfere with practical results in Assurance business.

Let it be, then, distinctly understood that, although different offices have, from their dates of establishment, employed different Tables, simply because they could only take the best of their own day and date, yet, from the Tables we now have we can predict, with certainty, the duration of a sufficiently large number of lives to afford us an *average*. This last point is important; for, if the number be too small for an average, we tend towards the uncertainty of individual life; but, if the number be considerable, then whatever casualties happen (short of a raging pestilence, or an unforeseen calamity of an exterminating nature), the shorter lives of some will be compensated by the longer lives of others. Every person, upon admittance to an Assurance Company, undergoes a medical examination; and, upon his health being pronounced fair, he is enrolled amongst the assured; and the experience of every such office has shown that the mortality recorded has always been more or less within the limits of the tabular expectation. As the old Tables, particularly the Northampton, were too imperfect for accurate results, the offices adopting them have had to make use of a counterpoise, by a special arrangement in the distribution of their surplus; and thus the evil has been compensated in some degree, though not altogether, because some gain what others have lost. For instance, the old Northampton Table (constructed about 1782) was the basis of the calculations of the great Equitable Society. As it represented human healthy life to be shorter than it really was and is, the rates charged upon that Table are too high; and, consequently, the Equitable Society have had a difference from the true rate, in its own favour, of from 55 to 26 per cent., according to the ages of the Assured; and its own more recently published experience of its own mortality proves that its charges have been too high by one-half at several ages, and by one-quarter at others. These differences of Tables and charges in the various Companies create difficulties of adjustment and valuation in the periodical investigations of the affairs of those Companies; but upon them we shall touch as little as may be—at least, in this present Paper.

When we have obtained a true Table of Mortality, we have what may be said to correspond to the cost price, or producing price, of a shopkeeper's or manufacturer's goods. A Life-Assurance office will not assure lives upon this cost price, but upon such addition to it as will leave a margin for all expenses and contingencies, and a surplus after all deaths. Its directors and managers, therefore, have the tabular rates properly calculated for all ordinary business—a Table

of Mortality, which shows them, as it will show all, the net cost of the article in which they deal—viz., Assurances of human lives. They are sure, from general and infallible experience, that this net price will not greatly vary within any given period. A manufacturer can make cheaper at one time than another; the Life-Assurance Company never can, as the law of mortality seldom greatly alters. All that need be said on this point is, that human life has markedly improved within the last thirty years, owing probably to increased medical skill and advanced *hygiene*—or, the science of health. But life may now be regarded as a known and fixed quantity; and so also is its pecuniary value, which any man can ascertain for any age by an inspection of the Carlisle or English Life-Tables.

The net cost of assuring life is called the *pure premium*, and the gross charge made by a Life office is called the *loaded premium*, or, in plainer language, the *gross or tabular premium*—being that which stands opposite to each age in the Tables issued by the various offices. Now, the addition made to the pure premium, in order to constitute it the loaded premium, is usually from 25 to 30 per cent. No ordinary person, probably, will concern himself about the net or pure premium, that being held to be an office secret. Take an example: A man of thirty years of age next birthday would find the net cost, or pure premium, for assuring £100 at his death, to be £1 18s. 6d. per annum—that being the sum which actually represents the risk incurred by the Company every year in guaranteeing him £100 at death. But in the Tables of Premiums issued by the Companies there will be set opposite to age thirty, charges of from £2 13s. 5d. per annum to £2 5s. per annum, varying according to the particular office, its plans and its practice; yet in every office the cost to it is the same, whatever its charge may be. The expenses of conducting the business vary greatly in different offices, but not the actual prime cost of the business transacted. It will considerably facilitate the understanding of office procedure, if this truth be borne in mind; and it may, therefore, be repeated that, so far as the mere net cost goes, no one office has any advantage over another. Equally certain, too, is it that every office must receive the premium intact every year, in order to meet the ultimate demand to be made at the payer's death; and, until that event takes place, it must put out these sums to the best interest. The charges are made upon this presumption. Multiply the number of such cases to any amount you please, and you have the simplest and purest forms of Life Assurance; which, in other words, is the careful preservation and continual improvement, at interest, of annual payments regularly made by the Assurer to the office.

Out of the addition made to the net premium or the actual cost, the office takes its expenses of conducting affairs; and from that addition also derives, if things be carefully managed, a considerable surplus, just as, in every-day trade, the shopkeeper or master lives out of his profit and lays by a surplus, if any be derivable from his business. It is, therefore, in all cases out of the margin that Life-

Assurance offices and common tradespeople thrive. If in any instance a man spends more than his margin, he comes into difficulties, and so also does a Life office, and the cause of failure in such an institution never can be a failure of the principles of the science; but either a prodigal expenditure, or a lack of business, the latter not being always disconnected from the former, since a company seeing its business decline, too frequently spends what ought to be reserved in the hope to procure more by advertising and canvassing. We could easily show how continuous a parallel might be drawn between the ordinary requisites of common commercial life and those of a Life-Assurance company in these respects. There has never yet been an instance of the insufficiency of the science of Life Assurance as now understood, or the failure of any office, merely in consequence of the incorrectness of the principles of the science. They may be considered as incontrovertible and infallible. If we could insure good conduct, as we can insure good lives, there would never be any cause of complaint. The principles of the business are *mathematical*, the conductors of it, alas! are *mortal*, not merely in the business sense of that word, but also in its moral acceptance.

It will now not be difficult to explain and understand what are meant by the so-called *Profits* of a Life office. Strictly speaking, there are no profits; this term being a misnomer as applied to a business, in which there is little or no ground for speculation, and in which events can be pretty accurately foretold upon the broad scale. As, however, various companies advertise their profits, and are compelled to retain an objectionable mode, *surplus* would be a better term, and deceive no one. Surplus or profit simply arises from the excess of charges which offices make over the net or cost price of assurance, and must be chiefly* derivable from the additions made at every age to the pure premiums. As there are mostly 25 or 30 per cent. more than is really necessary, out of these there will, in due time, accrue a considerable surplusage. This will not be to the amount of the whole additions to the pure premiums, because the expenses of the offices must also be paid out of that fund; but in all cases where the business is judiciously and economically conducted, a surplus will accrue out of the whole additions to the pure premiums, less the expenses of the management, and it will form a reserve fund for the apportionment of *bonuses* or additions to policies—the term *bonus* being alike objectionable to the well-informed, and attractive to the ignorant. There cannot be a *bonus* where all consists of repayments of what has been overcharged—of returns of what the assured have paid in excess.

* We say *chiefly*, because we wish not to embarrass the statement with a multiplicity of details; but, if we were writing technically, we should particularize four or five sources of surplus, and especially, 1, the improvement of the premiums at a higher rate of interest than that assumed by the office as its basis. 2. The diminution of mortality amongst the Assured below the rate calculated upon, according to the Table of Mortality adopted. These two sources are the principal ones which can now be relied upon to any extent.

These simple explanations, if rightly understood, will dispel a large amount of illusion as to the peculiar advantages of some puffing offices. One office cannot, in the very nature of its business, so greatly exceed another as to give much higher and equitably apportioned "bonuses" with safety and prosperity. They all deal in the same commodity—at the same cost price—and in the same public market. Differences of conduct, of zeal, prudence, and economy will, of course, create considerable differences in final results, but not so much amongst high and honourable offices as is commonly imagined. Investigation would soon show the unsoundness of certain advertised advantages in this or that office, but we have not space for more than a few sentences on this head.

In comparing any two Life offices, it may be found that one charges a higher premium at the first entrance than the other by (say) 10 or 15 per cent. Let the higher charging office be A, and the lower charging office B. Now A will have more of surplus to divide than B, because it has, every year, charged and received more money, and has put out that excess to interest. But the Assurer in B, though receiving a less addition to his policy of Assurance, has obtained the equivalent in his original saving by paying a lower premium every year. We have made numerous calculations, showing that such a present saving is equal to a deferred bonus, if such saving be put out to interest. Let the following tabular extract suffice:—

COMPARISON OF PRESENT AND PROSPECTIVE ADVANTAGES
OF A AND B OFFICES, IN ASSURANCES OF £1,000.

Age of Assurer.	Premiums in B.			Premiums in A.			Annual Saving in B.			Equivalent to a present bonus of			Sum assurable at once in B for the higher prem. of A.		
	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
25	19	0	0	22	2	6	3	2	6	164	0	0	1,164	0	0
30	20	15	0	25	1	8	4	6	8	209	0	0	1,209	0	0
35	23	8	4	28	14	2	5	5	10	226	0	0	1,226	0	0
40	27	7	6	33	2	6	5	15	0	210	0	0	1,210	0	0
45	32	17	6	38	13	4	5	15	10	170	0	0	1,170	0	0

It is manifest, in the above tabular comparison, that a person wishing to assure at (say) age 30 for £1,000 at death, has the choice of a present and continued annual saving of £4 6s. 8d., or a deferred advantage called a bonus, according to his preference of B or A. Both he cannot have. The only question is, which will he forego? Nor can A be said to be a better office than B, merely because it gives larger additions to a policy. It charges more at first, and gives more at last. Thus the same charge which A makes at first will in B procure at first a larger assurance, that is, £1,209, instead of £1,000 in A. The above figures are founded upon the actual rates of two existing offices—B representing nearly the lowest charge of any office, and A the ordinary charge of most of the higher offices, though not the highest.

Much mystery prevails in connection with the mode of calculating and apportioning the shares of the profits, or surplus, to the several Assurers in a Company. This is, indeed, the most abstruse and really difficult part of the whole management of the funds of a Life office. The Actuary who devotes himself to this department, is generally well informed upon these his special topics, and most commonly does and advises much as he pleases in relation to them; Directors and the Assured themselves—particularly the latter—neither understand, nor care to study, such purely technical and often complicated details. Here, then, there is much room for delusive representation, if it be designed; and as even Actuaries themselves are scarcely agreed upon the best or the most equitable modes of valuation of a Company's affairs, and distribution of its surplusage, a wide difference of advertised results is observable. The uninitiated Assurer may be thoroughly perplexed upon these points, and find them so hopelessly intricate, that he will probably content himself with confidence in the officers of the Company. *There*, with nearly all Assurers, the whole matter begins and ends. The Directors, too, have their own affairs to trouble them, and conceive it enough to provide and pay highly a well-recommended Actuary. With this officer, then, ultimately, the whole management and responsibility rests. He *may* carry out his own views for a long series of years, to the serious detriment of the Assured; or, on the other hand, he *may* (and happily it may be affirmed that he now generally *does*) act carefully, conscientiously, and correctly. It is not, however, the best mathematicians who always make the best Actuaries. High conscientiousness, and a genius for practical finance, are of more consequence to such an officer than high mathematics, which are seldom brought into use in ordinary Assurance business. There are also eminent mathematicians who act privately as Consulting Actuaries to the various Companies, and who, in cases of difficulty, or at the periods of valuation of the Company's assets and liabilities, are frequently referred to as being able to give an authoritative and valuable opinion. No Company, therefore, need go far wrong, even under somewhat inferior but honest management, while a few pounds will secure the advice and direction of an acknowledged authority, well versed in the intricacies of Assurance and finance.

There are now in existence, in our own country, about one hundred and sixty Life-Assurance offices, which in the aggregate guarantee assured sums amounting to little less than two hundred millions sterling! Their aggregate annual income probably exceeds seven millions sterling, and they probably expend half-a-million annually in transacting their business. These are, indeed, wonderful results, when we call to mind how recent has been the date of extensive and accurate Life-Assurance contracts, and how slow the progress of knowledge on the subject. The earliest Mutual Life Assurance Corporation was not invested with the power of granting Assurances at rates of premium calculated according to age, until the 8th of October, 1807; and it was only as recently as the 8th of May, 1845,

that it was empowered to grant Assurances for fixed sums. The united income (from annual premiums) of the Life offices established from 1846 to 1857 was no less than £631,189; and a glance at the dates of the establishment of many of the most flourishing and favoured institutions of this kind, would show that they are the growth of very modern times.

A very natural inquiry would be, in connection with these considerations—what has been the recent progress of the principal Life-Assurance offices, and what the particulars of that progress?

No precise data exist, nor can such be obtained from the offices universally, to show the amount of business actually transacted. Returns of this kind, as might be expected, can be most readily obtained from the prosperous offices, many of which make public the new business they have secured since their preceding meeting, or investigation into the state of their affairs. We can, however, present the following abstract of Assurances effected during three recent years, in fourteen of the principal London Companies:—

NEW ASSURANCE IN 14 COMPANIES.

Years.	Number of Policies issued.	Amount Assured.	Average of each Policy.
		£	£
1849	6,011	2,310,554	385
1850	6,378	2,604,558	408
1851	6,748	2,570,756	381
Total	19,137	7,485,868	391

It appears from the above Table, that the increase in the number of policies effected in 1850 was 6·1 per cent. on the year 1849, and, in 1851, 5·8 per cent. on the year 1850; while the increase in the amount of sums newly assured was about 12·68 per cent. on the previous year, 1850. A slight diminution took place in 1851 as compared with 1849, for which nothing in the financial state of the year will account. The result of the two years combined was an increase of about 12·26 per cent. in the number of policies in 1851 as compared with 1849, and 11·25 per cent. in the sums newly assured in the same period.

Proceeding downwards in time to the next period of three years, the subjoined statement gives a summary of the business of thirty-six Companies, and the particulars for each of the three years to which it relates. The Companies included are both old and new, some of the largest and most opulent, and also some which have been recently extending their business to the classes of the community whose policies can only average a small sum. In all of them the returns of new business for the three years are complete, and in all likelihood they represent a fair average of the whole. Although the

policies include a few annuities, yet they are for small amounts only :—

NEW LIFE ASSURANCE IN 36 COMPANIES.

Years.	Policies in Number.	Amount Assured.	Average of each Policy.
		£	£
1852	18,103	6,361,620	351
1853	21,920	7,460,868	340
1854	23,795	7,745,719	326
Total	63,818	21,568,207	338

It will be seen, by reference to the Table preceding the above, that the total business of Life Assurance may be supposed to have increased much more rapidly in the three years 1852-53-54, than in the three years 1849-50-51. In 1850, the increase was 6·1 per cent. on the business of the year 1849; in 1851, it was 5·8 per cent. on the year 1850. The largest increase, however, was 17·3 per cent. on 1852; which will account for the increase in 1854 being only 3·8 per cent. on 1853. Thus, in the two years 1850-51, it increased 11·25 per cent. on 1849; and in the two years 1853-54, nearly 21·8 per cent. on 1852. Presuming that the new business thus so largely increased be sound and of average value, the above statements must be most gratifying to all who are interested in the social progress of the community.

A subject of hot controversy, within the last few years, has been the expenses to which offices are put by the prevailing competition for Life-Assurance business. Admitting that there are about one hundred and sixty existing offices, and that the annual expenses of each are, on the average, £3,000 per annum (and certainly very few offices conduct their business for less, while many spend much more), then their aggregate annual expenditure is £480,000 per annum, or, in round numbers, £500,000. Hence the question has been eagerly discussed, whether this sum could not be reduced. It assuredly could, if there were no need for advertisements, or agents (who are paid high commissions), or Directors (who have high fees), or Actuaries of eminence (who have high salaries). But the offices will say they have more need than ever of such auxiliaries, and that, while the keen competition of younger and more active rivals diminishes the business of the older ones, it rather increases their expenses. In truth, it is a matter of serious doubt whether some of the numerous existing offices can stand their ground against the unremitting endeavours of their competitors to outbid and outdo them in the race for the public favour.

From these remarks we may be thought to be unfavourable to the wholesome stimulus of competition in these important institutions. It may be objected that, as the effect of competition in commerce

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in general is to secure for the public a better article at a lower price, and even to create a market where none previously existed, as well as to promote the use of commodities on an extended scale, so, similar advantages—*mutatis mutandis*—must follow from the establishment of new Life-Assurance Companies; that the old and exclusive Companies will be compelled to be more liberal; and that vigilance and devotion to the interests of the office will be largely increased. To a limited extent, some of these pleas may be applicable; but certain essential differences between the business of Assurance offices and that of other mercantile concerns must be observed. In the extended use of the necessities of life, and in the increased consumption of manufactured articles, the cost of produce and production, or manufacture, may be diminished by the profits creating capital, which will return into the respective businesses; thus more skilled labour will be brought into action, and then will follow a subdivision of labour in the several processes of production. Nothing analogous to this can take place in Life offices, unless it be found in the employment of the highest medical science in advising upon the acceptance of the proposed lives. Such advantage, however, is simply a closer approximation to the true mortality of select lives amongst a class which is superior to the average, and to whom the Premiums charged in the Tables do not really apply, as they were founded upon the average of society at large.

Certainly, in so far as this truest law of mortality is ascertained, there may be ground for some reduction of the premiums. Let us, therefore, consider to what such reduction would lead. Nearly all Companies, arguing from the ascertained experience supposed, would be induced or compelled to reduce their premiums, and the necessary vigilance in selection would be relaxed to a greater or less degree; that is, the experience of the company which had the best lives would be accepted as the rule for many, if not all others. Thus it is clear that, under such a procedure, the *benefit of selection* would disappear; for all cannot have the best lives, and, in proportion as the lives of the general population were insured, so there would be a continually increasing approximation to the average mortality of the nation—the advantage of the few would be given to the many, and cease to be an advantage.

Every office thrives in proportion to the selection of its lives. The more cautious the admission, the more continuous the season of prosperity. What is technically termed “the benefit of selection,” is simply the benefit of early and continual caution in rejecting unsound lives. Relax your strictness, and you relax the sinews of your strength. The Scylla and the Charybdis of Life offices are—scarcity of good business, and abundance of bad business. To one or the other they are constantly tending, in these days of striving and beating about for lives to assure. No one knows the keenness of the competition until they are engaged in it. We have counted more than *two thousand Directors* of British Life and Fire Insurance offices. Every one of the two thousand is a secret friend to his

office, and a foe to your peace until you are linked with him. You *must* either assure your house or yourself, or both, in his office.

What, then, are the limits of this competition? We may conjecture them to be as follows:—The average annual expenses of an office being £3,000 per annum, we must presume that it consists of 3,000 assurers, whose average annual payment is £10 per head, in order that the total annual income may be £30,000; and this income allows for a deduction of £10 per cent. for the annual expenses. These are supposed to be the elements of a fair condition of healthy existence. A smaller number of Assurers, and consequently smaller income, would leave the fixed expenses nearly the same, but make their proportion too heavy upon the smaller business. We have only to extend these elements, and we shall arrive at our limits.

What is the supposed number of assurable lives in the country? Mr. Edwin Farren and others have concerned themselves in answering this question, and they calculate that the number of good and assurable lives in this country, at any one period, and of the class likely to effect assurances that may cost £10 per annum on the average, is never more than 600,000 persons. Now, under the preceding case, as the office must have 3,000 customers, it clearly follows that 200 such offices would exhaust all the commonly assurable lives. Were there more than 200 such offices, the average annual expenses of Life Assurance would be greater than at present; and, therefore, its cost to the public, or the rates of premium, proportionably higher. If this view be well-founded, there is not a very large scope for many new offices. A few more may be founded, and, if well supported, flourish to a moderate extent; but recent experience has proved that their great and almost unavoidable expenses of establishment swallow them up, or lead to their speedy amalgamation with other older and abler offices. The lean kine have first attempted to feed upon the fat kine, but in the end the fat kine take their revenge upon the lean kine, who can but grow leaner if they refuse to fatten the fat kine.

Among the more recent allurements to Insurers, what is called the *half-premium* system is prominently put forward. It may be thus expressed:—"Half the annual premium on policies for the whole of life may remain unpaid for the first seven years, on the condition that 5 per cent. interest on such unpaid half-premiums shall be paid in advance." This is undeniably a great accommodation to Assurers who may be short of ready cash, and whose means are likely to increase in the course of the seven years. If the Assured should die within the seven years, the policy would be paid after the deduction of the balance of half-premium unpaid. If the Assured survive the period, then, to retain the policy in force, the entire premium, as originally designed, must be annually paid, and the arrears of the seven half-premiums may be either liquidated at once, or still remain to be deducted from the claim at death, together with the interest then unpaid. This plan is so specious that we see it frequently advertised, and doubtless it is often adopted.

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Let, however, the Assurer clearly understand the price he pays for this accommodation. At the day when his premium becomes due, he pays, first, half his premium for the current year; next, 5 per cent. on each half-premium unpaid; and 5 per cent. upon the half-premium just due, which he withholds. The office obtains a pretty safe investment of one-half of the premium at 5 per cent.: safe, if the Assurer decease before the septennial period; safe, if he abandon his policy before or after; while, when more than five years have elapsed, the half-premiums already paid are sufficient to cover the risk of the assurance for seven years. But the man who is thus drawn in to effect an assurance, must bear in mind that he is merely taking long credit from the office, and paying full interest into the bargain; and the chances are that he may be disposed, through unforeseen difficulties, to abandon his policy, or to allow the half-premiums to accumulate all his lifetime, and be deducted with interest at his decease, and thus greatly diminish his family's claim.

Nor is this practice to be commended to the consideration of every office. Directors should know that they cannot adopt it, unless the half-premiums paid, added to the interest on the half-premiums in arrear, exceed, on the average of seven years, the rate payable for a term-policy* of seven years. The plan, therefore, is most advantageous to offices charging high rates, and is not desirable when low rates are demanded; nor is it applicable to the *non-profit scale* of most offices. Another disadvantage to the office is that the Assurer, upon this plan, may continue his policy without re-examination of health, while he may (if the rates are low) have been paying little more than for a term-assurance of seven years. If it should be supposed that managers could adopt this plan for a longer period than seven years, it is to be observed that, although they thus put out their money at a high rate of interest (probably higher than that inscribed in their tabular calculations), yet the law of mortality is all the time in operation; and, if any considerable portion of their capital were thus invested, although the nominal assets of the Society may appear to be satisfactory, the available funds would not be sufficient to meet the claims, unless counteractive measures had been taken in other forms, which must be attended with corresponding disadvantage. Furthermore, when an office invests its money in mortgages and other similar securities, it frequently obtains additional business from the parties concerned; and all such business is forfeited in the case of half-premium assurance. Such a plan, therefore, will chiefly suit young offices with a large paid-up capital, or older offices charging high rates of premium.

One of the advantages secured, perhaps, by the competition which

* A *Term Policy* means an assurance for a given number of years only, as five or seven; the premiums for which are naturally less than those for a whole Life Assurance, the risk to the office being reduced to a chance of death *within* the assigned term. After that, the contract ends. Such policies are frequently used to protect creditors in the business of loans, and are very useful as well as easy.

has made it imperative upon the older offices to become more liberal than was their wont, is this:—It had always been the custom to declare a policy wholly forfeited when one or more premiums were left unpaid; whereby a person who had for years punctually attended to the notice of the office, that his renewal premium was due—upon one instance of neglect or inability, lost all the benefits of previous punctuality. Now, however, it has become the habit of offices to return a certain portion of the premiums paid—always a safe proportion for the risk actually incurred. Such a concession has been considered to be the utmost that could be expected; but a further accommodation has been proposed, and although not, we believe, adopted by more than one or two offices, yet it appears to be well worthy of general adoption. No provision having hitherto been made for what, unhappily, is too common a case in the history of that large classes of persons whose incomes are derived from professions, namely, a temporary failure of resource, perhaps at the very period when the insurance office remits its notice of the annual premium being due—it occurred to an Actuary that a principle of suspension might be admitted, the effect of which is as follows:—A party who may be insured, but from unforeseen emergencies may find himself unable to pay his premium, will be allowed once or oftener to exercise the privilege of suspending the payment of such premium, (he having already paid three or more premiums at least), and his policy will be endorsed with a concession of its continuance, the holder thereof having it in his power at any time to discharge the debt incurred upon it, of premiums unpaid, and interest thereon. Of course should he decease in the interim, the debt must be deducted from the sum paid to his executors.

Another improvement now frequently adopted is, the permission that an Assurer may at any time terminate his future payments, and either receive a return of a proportion of the premiums which he has paid, or an equivalent reduction shall be made upon the sum paid after his death. Very few, however, of the offices fix the scale of the reduced assurance at the time of issuing the policies, and scarcely any forego a reserved and arbitrary power of dealing with the Assurer as they see fit at the period of his difficulties. We see no objection to such a condition as the following being arranged upon the issue of the policy: that after the payment of the fifth or seventh full annual premium, the Assurer shall be regarded as having secured a reduced assurance to be estimated by the subtraction from the original amount of his policy that amount of assurance which his rate of premium would purchase at the advanced age when he ceases from all subsequent payments. Thus, if at commencement the cost of assuring for a policy of £1,000 be £20 per annum, and if at the termination of payment of premiums the cost of assuring £1,000 at the increased age would be £35 per annum, then subtracting from the £35 whatever sum has been charged in the annual premiums for the security and expenses of the office, say 20 per cent., the remainder, £28 per annum, is at the advanced age the net premium

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which would assure a new policy for £1,000. Now if £714 5s. is nearly (as it is) the sum which £20 would assure at the advanced age, then the original policy for £1,000 should be diminished by this measure, and the remainder, or the reduced policy, would be £285 15s. If this plan were followed, the Assured would always be able to learn the minimum amount of Reversionary Assurance which they would certainly have secured by past payments.

We have a favourable opinion of a plan, or branch of Life Assurance, which is of recent suggestion, and has not yet, we think, been fairly tried. Its want of success in one or two instances obviously arose from the weakness or misfortune of the hands into which it fell.* There can be no reason inherent in the plan itself against its success and extensive acceptance, except a partial and primary one—the expenses of its management in earlier stages. We allude to the *Accumulative* or *Deposit* system of Assurance. By the usual plan a comparatively small annual payment secures a large deferred payment upon the death of the Assurer, whenever that may happen, and by such plan the premiums once paid cannot be withdrawn, except in the form of a loan, and under fixed restrictions, producing a loss to the Assurer, and a corresponding gain to the office. But permit Assurers to deposit at the Assurance office or at a Bank small or large sums, not at fixed but at variable and convenient periods, and grant policies whose value increases with the number and amount of the deposits made, with the additional benefit of being able at any time, upon due notice, to withdraw the whole or part of the money so deposited, with a corresponding endorsement upon the policies—and then, we think, a very large portion of the public would avail themselves of Life Assurance who now hold entirely aloof from it. Such a plan, properly executed, and conducted with undeniable credit, and by unquestionable men, would present numerous advantages not probably to be secured in any other manner. It would afford a secure investment for all spare sums of money at a continually increasing value, and procure an equitable Life Assurance at the same time, and in the same office. It would prevent any fear of loss of premium, and would afford an inducement, stronger than now commonly exists, to husbands and fathers immediately to place any unneeded monies in the office. It would combine an Assurance office and a Bank of Deposit in one. It would meet the case of that large number of the community who have only fluctuating and precarious resources, and who are deterred from Life Assurance, at present, by the prevailing fear of being unable to continue the payment of the premiums. It is true that, even now, every man can, in part, adopt this plan by payment of a single premium for an Assurance, but then he cannot withdraw. A person age twenty may, by a single deposit of £100, acquire a policy of £253 12s. upon this principle, and increase that policy by occasional deposits, or, at the age of sixty, withdraw £100 by surrendering

* One or two respectable offices now adopt this plan with modifications.

£138 13s. of his Assurance, and still the balance of £114 19s. will be paid to his representatives at his death.

We might allude to a variety of modifications of this principle, all of which could be worked out and safely adopted. For instance, the depositor might receive the interest of his deposits during his lifetime, and leave the principal for Life Assurance. An objection, taken against the system, as we have propounded it to Actuaries, is this:—Fresh medical examinations would require to be made upon any renewal or increased Assurance, and the perplexities thus occasioned would be insurmountable. This, certainly, is a difficulty, but not, we believe, insuperable. A large business would well pay for additional expenses thus incurred. Nor, upon consideration, would the Deposit office be in a worse position than other offices, if a rather higher premium were charged, and if small risks, comparatively, were successively incurred, even supposing that no medical examinations were made; for as ordinary offices must, by their terms of contract, continue in force their liability to pay, even when the health of the Assurer is obviously deteriorated, so the Deposit office would only, at worst, be in a like position, while, by easily-devised arrangements, it might be placed even in a somewhat better position—always provided that the public would largely patronize the principle. There seems to be no valid reason why the Government should not adopt it in connection with Savings' Banks, for they have all the machinery for raising Deposits already in action, and would only find it necessary to supply the medical examination.

The great majority of Life offices confine their attention to healthy and select lives, and reject such as are diseased or unsound; so large, however, is the proportion of the latter class, comprising, it is said, 20 per cent. of all who apply for Assurance at the various offices, that two companies have been established especially for their Assurance, and one of them, at least, has succeeded to a considerable extent. A few of the other offices will assure unsound lives at a proportionably advanced rate of premium, or by placing the diseased Assurer at a higher age and rate than his true age. But the only proper mode of assuring unsound lives, proceeds upon calculations of the mortality of diseased persons. It is a remarkable and little-known fact that diseased lives are subject to a law of average resembling that of ordinary mortality in its regularity, upon a large scale, and there is, in truth, little more risk in assuring diseased men than healthy men—the premiums being in due proportion. Unless a man, therefore, be very unsound, and very far gone in dangerous disease, he can obtain a Policy of Assurance, though at a heavy and sometimes oppressive cost. It is even said that, at such cost, the business of assuring unsound lives is more profitable than that of assuring sound lives at the lower charges—since the unsound man will take greater care of his life than the sound and incautious Assurer.

As this is a very curious and little-known branch of the business, we may mention that Mr. Farr has prepared a Decennial Life-Table

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from the mortality of persons dying of consumption in the metropolis, from which we extract a specimen:—

EXPECTATION OF LIFE IN
THE METROPOLIS.

Age.	Of persons who die of consumption.	Of ordinary Males.
10	29	44
20	22	36
30	17	29
40	12	22

According to this Table, a man in average health, at the age of forty, has the same expectation of living as a consumptive man at the age of twenty. It is obvious that, upon such data, enlarged and confident assurance business can be safely carried on; so that no man in good circumstances is excluded from the benefits of Life Assurance simply from ill-health. Various diseases have now been tabulated, and the singular result may be made apparent in the subjoined computation for one age:—

PRESENT VALUE OF £1,000 3 PER CENT. CONSOLIDATED
ANNUITIES.

Age.	Carlisle, healthy.	Persons dying of consumption.	Dying of gout.	Dying of disease of the chest.
30	£586 13 7	£359 6 2	£591 4 7	£465 7 2

From which it may be seen that, while a healthy man, age 30, could obtain £586 13s. 7d. for the sale of his Life-Interest in the promise of £1,000, 3 per Cent. Consols when at par, the consumptive man could only obtain £359 6s. 2d.; and men otherwise diseased, in proportion. The great value of such data, in monetary transactions, must be obvious.

We now turn to a different kind of Assurance—namely, that against Sickness; which, however, is invaluable, when safely conducted, on a similar law of average. This branch of inquiry has, unhappily, been neglected until very recently. No attempt was made to ascertain, from registered facts, the quantity of sickness experienced by a certain number of persons of the same age, until the publication of the “Highland Society’s Report” in 1834, and that of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge (by Mr. Ansell) on “Benefit Societies,” in 1835. This latter work is accessible, though now scarce. But the valuable labours of Mr. Neison on “Vital Statistics,” have more recently brought this subject within scientific investigation. The result of that gentleman’s researches gives the quantity of sickness as much higher than other researches,

and it is now acknowledged that his form the only safe basis for the calculation of Benefit and Friendly Societies. In fact, it was found, at the time of his inquiry, that nearly all the Benefit societies were insolvent. They had proceeded upon very unsatisfactory and indiscriminating Tables, while it is now known that the quantity of sickness in every man's life is much modified by his locality and his occupation. Plumbers, painters, and glaziers, knife and blade-grinders, and the like, cannot be classed with ploughmen and open-air labourers, yet they were formerly so classed; and, even now, indiscriminating rates are too common. The injurious pecuniary results of such confusion and commixture will be best seen by an illustration. Suppose one Sick-Benefit Society to exist in a rural district, another in a town, and a third in a city district, and that each of the three Societies consists of 180 members; twenty of whom are of the age of 30, and as many of the ages of 35, 40, 45, 50, 55, 60, 65, and 70. The payment is to be £1 per week to each member during illness. In such cases, the probable amounts which each Society would have to pay during the ensuing year would be as follows:—

In the Rural District	£673	15	11
" Town	"	808	0	0
" City	"	633	7	6

Such an example at once displays the unexpected difference between town, city, and country, and the necessity for proportionate differences in charges.

The quantity of sickness experienced by any man during life is now reducible to a Tabular computation upon an average of large numbers, and also his expectation of sickness at any given age. For instance, at age 70, the experience of the Scottish Friendly Societies would lead to the expectation of ten weeks and five days of sickness in the ensuing year; the English Benefit Societies would give eleven weeks and six days; and the "Vital Statistics" of Mr. Neison, fourteen weeks. The difference of the authorities is considerable, but there is no doubt that the last is the nearest to the truth. It is manifest, therefore, that there is no chance-work in this matter; but the whole is capable of being placed on as sound and safe a basis as Life Assurance itself. Every Benefit or Friendly society should have its rates and rules certified by a competent Actuary, and no man should join one without satisfying himself of such certification. Moreover, unceasing vigilance should be exercised with reference to all officers connected with such Societies. Nothing should be taken for granted. Vouchers should be given for every item of expenditure, and the Banking pass-book regularly and frequently compared with the books of the bank. With such precautions, no failures can take place. The remedy for all doubts and defects lies within the power of the subscribers themselves. If they wish to reap pecuniary advantages, they must not only *pay*, but *watch*; they must watch while they are well, that they may not want when they are ill.

In all that we have said, we have had one or two important practical objects in view. We have shown, as well as our limits will permit, that Life and Sickness Assurance proceed upon sure and undoubted experience and science, when these are called in for counsel; that the whole is the result, not of conjecture or of chance, but of mathematical certainty. Let us now, in a few sentences, place the principle clearly before our readers, as regards a Life Assurance Company. The Assurer may inquire: How do I know that the Company can perform its part of the contract? We reply: It depends upon the truth of several postulates, which may now almost take the place of Assurance axioms. The principal of these are:—1. The average duration of human life is correctly estimated by the Company; experience has confirmed it. 2. The rate of interest assumed by the Company, for its investments, will be actually realized, and often exceeded; and the rate assumed is that which can always be fairly expected. 3. The annual surplus accumulated shall defray ordinary expenses of management, and contribute something to a Reserve Fund. 4. The lives assured shall be of average health and soundness, and enough shall be secured to obtain an average. 5. An equal, or nearly equal, amount of risk shall be distributed over all the lives assured. 6. Periodical and particular investigations, and valuations of the Company's liabilities and assets, shall place the whole state of affairs in a clear light; and the future shall be governed by such light.

These postulates being complied with, no man can have any good ground for doubting the stability of a Life office, and for abstaining from assuring his life on that plea. There are offices which will meet his views in almost every particular—either as to low premium at first, or high profits afterwards, or reduction of premium after a certain number of payments. We do not like to name offices, because we are strictly impartial; but we may affirm that there are in London at least fifty good and sound offices, in any one of which any man may assure with advantage. His particular wants can only be satisfied by either personal inquiry or friendly counsel—the latter being hard to obtain, apart from bias and inclination towards a particular company. What is most wanted of all things in this direction is a Public Adviser or two, who should be fully competent to advise on each case, and receive a moderate fee for a conscientious and carefully-founded opinion. The same things may be said—*mutatis mutandis*—of Assurance against sickness and incapacity.

The next main object, in our view, is to show that no man can do for himself what a good office or society can do for him. This will be admitted, when attention is paid to the main principle of Assurance—the law of average. An individual is never sure against death for an hour; the office assures the loss which this uncertainty may render, at any hour, a melancholy fact. Numerous little books and tracts have been printed, which are full of instances of sudden death, and the painful consequences of a lack of pecuniary provision; and, on the other hand, of certain cases where the benefits of Assurance

have been derived after the payment of one or two premiums. It seems strange that such narratives are needful in a dying world; but the old line is still applicable—

“All men think all men mortal but themselves.”

Certain it is, that any family man who neglects to assure his life, and yet has no provision ready for his offspring, is chargeable with a social delinquency which, were it less common, would be publicly reprobated.

Then, again, as to the individual's becoming his own Assurer, on the assumption that he does live the usual term of life—at all times, and in all cases, an unwarrantable assumption—and that he does save: Will he always leave his savings untouched? Will he invariably and regularly put them out at compound interest? Will not the consciousness of their existence and ready accessibleness lead to a sudden draw upon his banker, or drain upon his secret hoard? Lastly, can the individual obtain compound interest upon small sums as the Life office can upon large ones? Can the man with ten or twenty pounds put out to interest as well as the office with ten or twenty thousand? On no assumption whatever can the husband and father, who lives upon precarious income, be excused from the incumbent duty of assuring his life; and—what we especially have in view as a consequent duty—on no ground can the said Assurer excuse himself from the pains of making himself acquainted with the principles and practice of Life Assurance, so as to secure the best office for his purpose. At present, he can hardly do this by proxy; and, therefore, he must needs do it personally. Had some of us ourselves followed the advice we now give to others, we should have been, pecuniarily speaking, happier men. It is very remarkable that the affairs of institutions, guaranteeing at this time about £200,000,000, should be, for all practical purposes, totally exempt from public check and inquiry, and by no means intimately known to their own constituents. Confidence is good when well founded, but not when it verges upon mere credulity.

All the arguments employed to induce men to assure their lives will bear, with redoubled cogency, upon working-men with reference to the assurance of their health. These men stand in the same relation to Benefit societies as those above them, in the social scale, stand to Life offices. The working man, indeed, is rather the more bound to enter a Benefit or Friendly society, because his health is his only capital, while the Assurer may continue his Premium after he has once paid it, whatever his health. But he who does not make any provision against sickness, is living daily upon a diminutive and diminishing capital. Nor does he know how soon he will exhaust it. An accident; a cold, long neglected; a contagious disease; any one of the thousand contingencies upon which bodily vigour and capacity depend, may, at one moment, make him bankrupt and beggar. Can any rational, much more religious man, dare to tempt the future so recklessly? Ought friends and families to suffer for this neglect?

Should not clergymen, Dissenting ministers, and employers, all combine to enforce these things upon the thoughtless artizan? Let lectures be given in popular forms, and frequent illustrations be adopted, and every encouragement afforded to those who need to make such provisions; and who, without them, ever hang over an abyss of poverty and suffering, both in their own persons and in those of their innocent families, from which every good man ought to seek to warn them by every method and measure within his reach.

III.

"BY THE RIVER'S SIDE."

HERE, beside Westminster Bridge, this bright May morning, it is pleasant to watch the crowds passing and repassing above, and the well-laden steamers gliding underneath, and the busy workmen pulling down the old bridge on the one side, building up on the other side the new, and all the while that human tide pouring so unceasingly along; and pleasant is it to look on that broad current below, spanned now by so many bridges, and bordered by so many lines of building—graced, too, by that truly royal structure that rises so queen-like on the very site of the old Palace of Westminster—and think over the changes of only three or four hundred years. It is a place to dream of the past in, although modern buildings are around us; for yonder are the old towers of Lambeth Palace, and not a stone's-throw from us that shrine of historical recollections, the Abbey; while, as though compelled to yield to the presiding genius of the place, even that stately New Palace is true, from base to turret and topmost pinnacle, to the traditions and the architecture of the "olden times."

Pleasant is it to picture to oneself this "silent highway," as Charles Knight rather affectedly calls it—inappropriate enough is the title *now*—when it bore the gilded barges, with their dainty freight of beauty, from the gardens that bordered its northern bank to the gallant tournaments of our later Plantagenets, or the quaint jousts of the days of Elizabeth in the Tilt-yard, when Lambeth was still little more than a mere-wide tract of marsh-land, and the stately swans sailed forth in snowy fleets from their reedy coverts, fair and graceful as the "fayre damsels" who glided by;—or that earlier day, when the Old Palace of Westminster arose on the water's edge, and the Abbey lands were half-submerged during the rainy season, but when high festival was held each Christmas, and Pasch, and Pentecostide, and the King summoned "all good men

and true," with herald-call and trumpet-blast, to feast right merrily "at our royal Palace of Westminster;" and the solemn procession, with the monarch crowned and sceptred, swept along each day in gorgeous state to the Abbey close by, welcomed by the Abbot and his train with chant and incense, taper and banner. Yes, many changes has that old river seen, and many have been *its* changes, since that far earlier day—not the apocryphal one of Geoffrey of Monmouth, who tells how, some two thousand nine hundred years ago, Brutus wandered by "the silver Thames," and chose the site of his city Troynouvant, but some eighteen or nineteen centuries ago,—when "the city of the waters—Llyndun," a mere collection of wattled huts, the giant cromlech probably crowning the green eminence on which it stood—was first gazed upon by the masters of the world, who afterwards named it, in unconscious prophecy, "Londinum Augusta."

And this river, world-famed now—did it flow on then, bearing on its swelling current the carved and gilded galleys of the Roman legions? Few are aware of the changes our ancient Thames has passed through, for few are aware of the changes which, even within the limits of the historic period, have passed over our land. Tradition records—in Brittany as well as in Cornwall—that the whole space between St. Michael's Mount and the Scilly Isles was once a fertile territory; they named it the district of the Lyonesse, and told how that, in King Arthur's day, it boasted many a fair church and strong castle: this is unlikely enough, but that the Scilly Islands formerly joined the mainland, is a fact accepted by every geologist. That the Goodwin Sands extended over land once, both cultivated and inhabited, has also been asserted by tradition, and also been assented to by geologists, who consider that, at a comparatively recent date, the district through which the Thames flows was a great basin, "confined on the southern side by the range of the Surrey Hills, and on the north by those high lands of which Highgate forms one of the highest northerly ridges"—a wide estuary, in fact, subsiding into bog and morass.

Strange enough does this appear to us; and strange enough would this view appear to our forefathers even five or six hundred years ago, when they were almost as proud of their river as they were of their ancient city. But there are many incidental facts which corroborate it—facts which have never received the attention they deserve, inasmuch as, while learned dissertations enough have been written upon rivers of "classic fame," it has been thought a task only worthy of some dull, plodding, London antiquary, to trace the history of that noble stream which bathes the metropolis of the world. Now, we have seen that the name of the city—the original Celtic name, "Llyndun"—is, "city or town of the waters;" and we find that the name of the river—Celtic, too—"Tam-Ise," means "a collection of waters:" a name that obviously could not have been given to a river, but characteristic enough of the alternate marsh and lake which subsiding waters would form. Indeed, we

may remark that Ptolemy, the first writer who mentions the Thames at all, and who flourished in the reigns of Trajan and Hadrian, expressly terms our modern river "*Tamessæ estuarium*." It is by Tacitus that Londinum is first described, and he notices it as a flourishing city, celebrated even then for its wealth and its mercantile importance; but he, as well as later writers, is silent as to any water-way, and we know that merchandise, even until the twelfth century, was conveyed along the direct road from Dover to London.

A goodly city was Londinum Augusta, exceeding in extent any other Roman town in the kingdom, and, from a period very early in the second century, unquestionably the capital of the rich and fertile province of Britain; a fair city, too, with stately buildings—temple, and palace, and forum; and adorned with noble statuary, and rich with tessellated pavements, in which *glass* tesserae were mixed with the coarser material, and decked profusely with paintings which, from the small fragments Mr. Roach Smith has preserved, show to what high perfection art-culture had arrived, even in the capital of a remote province of the Roman empire. But while Roman London was thus flourishing, and her redundant population extending into Southwark, where the remains of many richly-decorated houses have been found, it is strange that we do not find the name of a single place for miles round bearing either Roman or Celtic designation, save "Isel-dun." All the villages that cluster round London—many now actually forming her suburbs—have strictly Saxon names. May we not, therefore, believe that during the five hundred years and more of Roman domination, the accumulated waters were gradually subsiding, leaving tracts ere long to be inhabited; and that the noble river, probably as yet almost tideless, was slowly shaping out its future course? That at this period, and centuries after, the Thames encroached largely on its present boundaries, seem proved by the name assigned by our Saxon forefathers to the road now at some distance from the northern bank, "the Strand." It would be difficult to account for the application of such a name, unless the Saxons, on their first arrival, viewed the Thames as an arm of the sea. The name they gave, too, to that portion of the river, below bridge, and which is still retained, "the Pool," is utterly unintelligible as applied to a swift flowing river, for "pool" is the Saxon for lake; but, ere the alluvial deposits that form the headlands on either side of that part of the river were formed, the wide, tideless, accumulation of waters there must have spread out, just-below Londinum Augusta, in a broad lake-like expanse—and, doubtless, thence the name.

How much there is that it would be pleasant to know about Roman London! Many thanks to Mr. Roach Smith for all he has done; but, after all, how very fragmentary and disjointed are its scanty records! During the later period of her history the walls were built. Tradition has assigned their erection to the Empress Helena, herself an Englishwoman; and perhaps in this instance, as

in many others, the tradition may be correct. Stout and strong, fitted to endure for many a long century, were these walls; built, doubtless, for protection against the rude tribes who, during the decline of the Roman power, were attracted by the wealth and treasures of the chief city. But strange is it to find that a wall, though of a somewhat later construction, extended along the river-side. Fitzstephen, in the twelfth century, refers to it, although then no longer standing; but many antiquaries have disbelieved his statement. The careful researches of Mr. Roach Smith have, however, shown that a wall of considerable strength—from eight to ten feet thick—certainly did extend along the river-side; for portions of it, far below the ground, still exist. It is curious to find that this wall, although strong, had been built up in many parts with sculptured stones—some of them portions of friezes—as though the inhabitants, unable to procure fresh materials, and perhaps in immediate apprehension of danger on the southern side, constructed it from the remains of buildings close at hand. Such a wall could never have been built—indeed, could scarcely have been needed—had the Thames *then* flowed with the vigorous current of after-times.

But while we can obtain only very scanty notices respecting Roman London, her history, from the decline of Roman power even to the days when the kingdom of Mercia received its name and its wide heritage of English ground, might be written in a few lines. Who subjugated Roman London? How did it fall? By sudden attack of fierce, resistless barbarians; or did its wealth purchase, from time to time, a temporary respite, and its inhabitants, impoverished, diminished by continual exile, by war—perhaps by pestilence, too—at length became merged in the new dynasty? Probably the latter; for there is neither tradition nor history to show that the inhabitants of London, like those of Anderida, sustained a long siege, and eventually were put to the sword, and the whole city burnt; and we find notices, too—would that they had been more specific!—even in middle-age writers, which seem to prove that many remains of Roman magnificence were even yet to be seen; just as the stately forum and gilded tiles of her palaces were seen at Caerleon by Giraldus, even in the twelfth century. It is suggestive, too, that Aldhelm, in his curious Latin poem addressed to the convent-maidens of the newly-founded convent of Barking—he died in the year 709—alludes to luxurious habits of living, to costly jewellery, and varied and splendid apparel, as though London, in the seventh century, still contained—in part, at least—a highly civilized population.

Up to this period, whatever might have been the appearance of the Thames below London, it seems, westward of the city, to have been a mere collection of shallow pools, except in the rainy season, when it flooded the low lands and extended far over Lambeth and Westminster. The legend of Thorney Island proves that this was the case; and, silly as is the story, it is worthy of preservation for its topographical details.

Long had the fisherman lingered beside his boat and his nets, for not a single fish had rewarded his toils, and the night was far spent, when a venerable old man suddenly appeared, and asked to be rowed over to Thorney Island. The legend tells us a church had been lately erected there by Sebert, King of the East Saxons, and it was now awaiting consecration. Much marvelling, therefore, what the aged man's errand could be, the fisherman rowed him over to the island—so called from the thorns and briars that overran it—and saw him enter the lowly church. But, behold the miracle! A blaze of light surrounded that aged man, in whom the awe-struck fisherman at once recognized St. Peter; angels filled the church, angelic voices sang the service; and thus, by no mortal hands, and amidst the songs, not of an earthly choir, but a heavenly, was the minster of St. Peter consecrated. The saint, his duty over, was rowed back again to land—he might as well, we heretically think, have descended on the island at once, and saved himself the trouble of being rowed over—and then he bade the fisherman cast his net. It was filled with the finest Thames salmon; and the saint, bidding the well-pleased fisherman go to the King and detail the wondrous events of the night, bidding him also never fail to pay tithe of salmon at his high altar—an injunction dutifully complied with by the Thames fishermen even until the sixteenth century—vanished from sight.

This legend contains the first notice we have of the Thames salmon—a fish which, in after-times, divided with its swans the admiration of mediæval London. We may remark, ere passing, that, although this goodly legend professes to refer to the seventh century, there is no doubt that it is a fabrication of later date; for, although there was a church, and probably an abbey, on Thorney Island toward the close of the eighth century, it scarcely received even a passing notice until Edward the Confessor laid the foundation of the new abbey-church—the first erected in the Norman style, and "with courses of hewn-stone so neatly fitted that the joints are scarcely visible," as William of Malmesbury admiringly records. From that proud time the monks, no longer of the Thorney Island, but of the royally-endowed Abbey of Westminster, manufactured legends, and forged charters, and indited marvellous chronicles, to the praise and glory indeed of St. Peter and King Edward, but also for the special emolument of themselves. Indignant enough were the Dean and Canons of St. Paul's at the honours bestowed on the rival church of St. Peter, and a most pious warfare commenced between them. Talk of rival sects, of "opposition chapels" in a country town! the feuds of these holy men would make the bitterest contest ever waged between such appear as merest child's play. The St. Paul's party, however, were certainly the least to blame, and so thought their fellow-citizens; for, while the monks of Westminster were always boasting of "royal gifts" and "royal favour," the Canons of St. Paul's held to the popular side, and welcomed every triumph of the popular cause; sang *Te Deum* with heartiest goodwill when the Great Charter was wrested from John, and joined

as heartily in the anathema pronounced on all those who opposed it. The monks of Westminster were sorely moved at this; for the wealthy Londoners lavished their gifts upon St. Paul's, and, thanks to the progress of free opinion, many of the inhabitants of Westminster thought proper to do the same. Hence arose that well-known proverb—the spiteful ebullition of the monks of Westminster—"Robbing Peter to pay Paul." But this is a digression, and a very wide one; for, when the unpretending church on Thorney Island was built, we doubt whether the Chapter of St. Paul's even heeded its erection, for these were the early days of the Saxon kingdoms, and beyond the walls of London little toward the westward, save uncultivated land, met the eye.

Few notices can we find of our river during the earlier period of Saxon rule. We think it probable that our Saxon forefathers used it far more than the Romans, for the Saxon, like the Dane, was almost "to the water born;" and difficult must have been the navigation, and perilous the shores, along which their long boats would not find out a way. Was it to protect the city from these more enterprising foemen that the wall by the river's side was built? Ineffectual enough it proved, if so; and the Saxons, ere long, let it sink into ruin. It is now that we find settlements near, although not exactly "by, the River's-side;" and deeds and charters even thus early give us the names—genuine Saxon—of the villages founded by them. Meanwhile, Londinum Augusta had fallen upon evil days, and been reduced from the metropolis of Roman Britain to a mere third-rate city, the capital of the little tributary kingdom of the East Saxons. Subsequently, London became the capital of the more important kingdom of Mercia; but little account have we save that, "in this year there was great slaughter at London;" "now there was war against the Pagans;" and eventually, in 851, we are told it was attacked, and the Mercian king forced to flee. Convenient enough did the fierce Vikings find the river-way; and from the mouth of the Thames to Southwark their tall ships, "the dragons of the ocean," swept in triumph.

On Alfred's accession, all the eastern portion of England was subjugated by the Danes; but by battle and by treaty he regained Mercia, and often was resident in London. With his illustrious grandson, however, the history of London and her noble river begins. Of all our kings, Athelstan alone has bequeathed his name to posterity in two important localities of the ancient city. "King Adel Street," now "Addle Street," has told, for more than nine centuries, where the great Saxon monarch convened the "good men of London," and gave them their highly-prized "Customs;" while "Addle Hill" still marks the chief approach to the palace-stronghold where he dwelt. Many blunders have been made about King Athelstan's palace. The Scalds, when they celebrated the prowess of their Vikings, frequently refer to the Castle or Tower of London; and it has been hastily concluded that this was the Tower. But the Tower was a much later erection, built by Gundulph, the great engineer as

well as architect of his day ; but not to "guard" London, as some writers have sillily thought, but to overawe the Mercian city, which never yielded more than a sullen homage to the Norman sovereigns.

A hearty and spontaneous homage, however, was yielded by the fathers of the city to Athelstan ; for he quitted royal Winchester—then and for two centuries after the chief city of the land—to dwell among them ; and he elevated the Mercian capital to an equality with Winchester by appointing for London an equal number of mint-masters, and regulated their civic proceedings ; and, above all, enacted that law which gave the right to every merchant who had made three successful voyages to claim the dignity of Thane. A proud eminence this : to wear the golden bracelet, and sit, as of right, in the King's halls, and drain the mead-cup with the hereditary nobles of the land. No wonder Athelstan was long remembered in London, for from his days "the port of London" became a recognized phrase, and each year saw the Thames more crowded with vessels, and the barques of the enterprising trader spreading their sails to more distant regions, until, even in the twelfth century, Fitzstephen could boast that luxuries from all parts of the world found a mart in London.

But disastrous days, ere the close of that century, drew on ; for the feebleness of the later Saxon monarchs disgusted a haughty people, and during the reign of Ethelred the Unready, the Saxons, who sought in their king a "Bretwalda"—a leader in war and a legislator in peace—but had found only a slave of the priesthood, or a glutton and wine-bibber, invited over the gallant "Svend of the forked beard" to oppose their despised king. That the Danes, however unwelcome to Ethelred, were welcome enough to the inhabitants of London, seems proved by the fact that Svend entered the city without opposition, and his fleet quietly anchored just below. We must bear in mind that the inhabitants, as "Angles," were more closely allied to the Danish race than the West Saxons. But Ethelred, however cowardly, could not see the greater part of his kingdom wrested from him without a struggle ; and he invited the aid of King Olaf of Norway, and retook the city. But Svend was not to be baffled. Unable to pass "the bridge," which we now read of for the first time, "he came with his ships to Greenwich, and from thence to London," says the venerable Saxon chronicle, "and there they sunk a deep ditch on the south, and dragged their ships to the west side of the bridge." A very creditable piece of engineering for the beginning of the eleventh century, for King Olaf's Saga informs us that it was "a great work, of large ditches with bulwarks of stone, timber, and turf." Ethelred again fled away, and Svend's fleet sailed in, and, passing up the Fleet, anchored just on the site of King's Cross. How strange this reads ! Some writers have supposed that the Danish vessels must have been very small to have anchored there, but the narrators of this incident give us no reason to believe that they were other than the vessels that had brought his army from Denmark ; and we know that their ordinary

ships were of very large size, often with forty, and sometimes even sixty, banks of rowers. But from early notices of that hapless river—so different in its fate to all the other Thames' tributaries, treated as a mere sewer in later times, and now absolutely buried out of sight, from its mouth even to its source—it appears to have been a stream, not merely possessing a very rapid current (whence its name), but to have been probably as wide near its junction with the Thames as the River Lea.

But the bridge, now for the first time noticed in the venerable Saxon Chronicle : by whom could it have been built ? Such a work could scarcely have been undertaken by the Saxons. Was it a remain of Roman London—built, not across a strongly flowing stream, and with lofty arches, but a mere, long, raised causeway, to connect the city with Southwark, and with no regard to the waterway ? We think this was the case, not only from the fact of Svend digging the trench because his vessels could not pass the bridge, but from the more important fact that when, on the death of Svend, Ethelred with King Olaf laid siege to London, Olaf actually pulled the bridge down to force a way. Here is the story from King Olaf Haraldson's Saga, as Snorro Sturleson has preserved it in his spirited "Heimskringla." Ethelred and Olaf steered to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet. "Then King Ethelred ordered a great assault, but the Danes fought bravely, so he could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, broad enough for two waggons to pass ; and on the bridge were towers and wooden parapets breast high, and underneath piles driven into the bottom of the river. Now the troops stood there, and defended themselves ; and then King Olaf said he would lay his fleet alongside of it, to break it down. King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel-bands, and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships. . . . Now, when all were ready, they rowed up the river ; but when they came near the bridge there were cast down upon them so many stones, and arrows, and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it, and many ships retreated. But King Olaf, and the Northmen's fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables round the piles that supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken in the bottom, and were loosened under the bridge. Now, as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones on it, and the piles under being loosened and broken, the bridge gave way ; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled, some into Southwark and some into the castle. Now, when the men in the castle saw that the Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships, they became afraid, and surrendered the Tower, and took Ethelred for their king ; and, therefore, sang Ottar Swarte :—

"London Bridge is broken down—
Gold is won, and high renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hilda shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing,
Odin makes our Olaf win!"

A spirited verse;—would that the whole song had been preserved to us! The reader will, however, perceive from this account, that the Thames could not have flowed with the rapid current of later times.

Ethelred did not long enjoy his triumph—he soon after died in London; while King Olaf, after "taking scott (tribute) of the English, and plundering where it was refused," passed over to France, from whence, having fought his twentieth battle, he returned to Norway. Olaf subsequently became a Christian, and was so liberal to the clergy that—although he seems to have ever been a most fierce and rapacious Viking—he received the doubtful honour of canonization. Olaf certainly was a "muscular Christian" of the first order; and perhaps this was the reason why, although he had so sorely plundered England, and done such grievous damage both to London and her bridge, no less than three parish churches in the city were, and are still, dedicated to his honour—for our belligerent forefathers heartily loved a good fighter.

Edmund Ironside, who succeeded his father, also dwelt in London, in King Athelstan's castle, which, as we have seen, was viewed as London's stronghold. But Svend had bequeathed his claim of sovereignty to his son Knut, that "noble barbarian," as he has truly been called, and he, after a fierce fight, took the castle; and then his "grand fleet" passed on, as his father's had done, up the Fleet River, and anchored at Battle Bridge. A goodly sight must that fleet have been—picturesque indeed, moored in those bright waters, just at the foot of the uplands—where now the north-western suburbs of London extend—but then rising in slopes, thickly clustered over with the oaks and the beeches of the old forest of Middlesex. And there, against that fair background of foliage fading into the blue distance, lay "the dragon-ships," with carved and gilded prows, glittering in the sunshine, and with sails "striped red, blue, and green," for gorgeous were the vessels of those sea-rovers, and proud were they of the barques that bore them to wealth and renown—proud as the knight of his war-steed—proud almost as themselves were of the snow-white maidens for whose smiles they encountered the perils of the deep.

No reason had London to regret the accession of Knut; her commerce increased under his sway, and perhaps more rapidly while the river continued unspanned by any bridge. Probably during the interval previous to the Norman Conquest we must place that pretty legend of the Maiden of the Ferry, whose father, unable

ships were of very large size, often with forty, and sometimes even sixty, banks of rowers. But from early notices of that hapless river—so different in its fate to all the other Thames' tributaries, treated as a mere sewer in later times, and now absolutely buried out of sight, from its mouth even to its source—it appears to have been a stream, not merely possessing a very rapid current (whence its name), but to have been probably as wide near its junction with the Thames as the River Lea.

But the bridge, now for the first time noticed in the venerable Saxon Chronicle: by whom could it have been built? Such a work could scarcely have been undertaken by the Saxons. Was it a remain of Roman London—built, not across a strongly flowing stream, and with lofty arches, but a mere, long, raised causeway, to connect the city with Southwark, and with no regard to the waterway? We think this was the case, not only from the fact of Svend digging the trench because his vessels could not pass the bridge, but from the more important fact that when, on the death of Svend, Ethelred with King Olaf laid siege to London, Olaf actually pulled the bridge down to force a way. Here is the story from King Olaf Haraldson's Saga, as Snorro Sturleson has preserved it in his spirited "Heimskringla." Ethelred and Olaf steered to London, and sailed into the Thames with their fleet. "Then King Ethelred ordered a great assault, but the Danes fought bravely, so he could make nothing of it. Between the castle and Southwark there was a bridge, broad enough for two waggons to pass; and on the bridge were towers and wooden parapets breast high, and underneath piles driven into the bottom of the river. Now the troops stood there, and defended themselves; and then King Olaf said he would lay his fleet alongside of it, to break it down. King Olaf ordered great platforms of floating wood to be tied together with hazel-bands, and with these, as a roof, he covered over his ships. . . . Now, when all were ready, they rowed up the river; but when they came near the bridge there were cast down upon them so many stones, and arrows, and spears, that neither helmet nor shield could hold out against it, and many ships retreated. But King Olaf, and the Northmen's fleet with him, rowed quite up under the bridge, laid their cables round the piles that supported it, and then rowed off with all the ships as hard as they could down the stream. The piles were thus shaken in the bottom, and were loosened under the bridge. Now, as the armed troops stood thick upon the bridge, and there were likewise many heaps of stones on it, and the piles under being loosened and broken, the bridge gave way; and a great part of the men upon it fell into the river, and all the others fled, some into Southwark and some into the castle. Now, when the men in the castle saw that the Thames was mastered, and that they could not hinder the passage of ships, they became afraid, and surrendered the Tower, and took Ethelred for their king; and, therefore, sang Ottar Swarte:—

"London Bridge is broken down—
Gold is won, and high renown.
Shields resounding,
War-horns sounding,
Hilda shouting in the din!
Arrows singing,
Mail-coats ringing,
Odin makes our Olaf win!"

A spirited verse;—would that the whole song had been preserved to us! The reader will, however, perceive from this account, that the Thames could not have flowed with the rapid current of later times.

Ethelred did not long enjoy his triumph—he soon after died in London; while King Olaf, after "taking scott (tribute) of the English, and plundering where it was refused," passed over to France, from whence, having fought his twentieth battle, he returned to Norway. Olaf subsequently became a Christian, and was so liberal to the clergy that—although he seems to have ever been a most fierce and rapacious Viking—he received the doubtful honour of canonization. Olaf certainly was a "muscular Christian" of the first order; and perhaps this was the reason why, although he had so sorely plundered England, and done such grievous damage both to London and her bridge, no less than three parish churches in the city were, and are still, dedicated to his honour—for our belligerent forefathers heartily loved a good fighter.

Edmund Ironside, who succeeded his father, also dwelt in London, in King Athelstan's castle, which, as we have seen, was viewed as London's stronghold. But Svend had bequeathed his claim of sovereignty to his son Knut, that "noble barbarian," as he has truly been called, and he, after a fierce fight, took the castle; and then his "grand fleet" passed on, as his father's had done, up the Fleet River, and anchored at Battle Bridge. A goodly sight must that fleet have been—picturesque indeed, moored in those bright waters, just at the foot of the uplands—where now the north-western suburbs of London extend—but then rising in slopes, thickly clustered over with the oaks and the beeches of the old forest of Middlesex. And there, against that fair background of foliage fading into the blue distance, lay "the dragon-ships," with carved and gilded prows, glittering in the sunshine, and with sails "striped red, blue, and green," for gorgeous were the vessels of those searovers, and proud were they of the barques that bore them to wealth and renown—proud as the knight of his war-steed—proud almost as themselves were of the snow-white maidens for whose smiles they encountered the perils of the deep.

No reason had London to regret the accession of Knut; her commerce increased under his sway, and perhaps more rapidly while the river continued unspanned by any bridge. Probably during the interval previous to the Norman Conquest we must place that pretty legend of the Maiden of the Ferry, whose father, unable

longer to ply his calling, committed the charge of the ferry-boat to her; and how she plied the oar, and ferried the passengers over in safety, while many marvelled that so fair and so delicate a maiden should so toilsomely earn her daily bread; and how, putting her trust in Heaven, she toiled right willingly for her aged parents, while "Our Ladye" smiled upon her pious endeavours; until, at length, every duty fulfilled, and age drawing nigh, she relinquished the ferry, and built a convent on the farther side of the river, dedicating it to "Our Lady of the Ferry," and peacefully closed her days as its prioress. Often, in childhood, was this legend told us, and with no common interest did we gaze upon the fair towers of the church that now occupies the site of the lowly convent; and ever as the pleasant chime of the bells of St. Mary Overies flung their sweet melody across the river, did the vision of the fair and pious maiden guiding her little boat across the wide waters rise vividly before us.

Ere long, the bridge, though but a rude structure, was built again. There are no records to tell by whom, and it was destroyed by fire ere the close of the century. Still, London's commerce increased, and in the reign of the Confessor we meet with a list of duties paid at the port of London, which would rather surprise the reader. All kinds of spices are named, silken goods, as though of comparatively common use, and the precious gold-wrought stuffs from the East. It is difficult to account for the attachment expressed by London toward the Confessor, Norman as he was by long residence with his mother's relations, and still more Norman in tastes and habits. We have the testimony of Ingulf that his court was as Norman, even to the language spoken there, as the Conqueror's. And then he was not content to dwell in the palace of Athelstan; but far up the river, all among the swamps, and morasses, and scarcely-drained islands, sought to build his new palace of hewn stone. His life-long devotion to the chief Apostle, however, and his long-expressed determination to build him a fitting minster on the site of the little church of Thorney Island, were probably excuse enough to the devout Saxons. Of this palace we have scarcely any contemporary notices; it seems doubtful whether it was finished at his death; but we know that succeeding monarchs largely added to it, and also repaired it. This circumstance, together with that of the neighbouring Abbey and Church being twenty years building, seems to prove that the ground was, even then, scarcely settled enough to bear so ponderous a structure. It is corroborative, too, of this view to remember that this church, built by the chief Norman architects, actually was in ruins ere two hundred years had passed. Now, the Norman work of our cathedrals, executed only a few years later, is firm even to the present time. On Holy Innocents' Day, 1065, St. Peter's Minster was consecrated with royal pomp; but eight days after King Edward was no more, and the body, crowned and arrayed in regal garments, lay with folded hands before the altar where so lately he had knelt.

A legacy of strife and bloodshed did the superstitious Confessor

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bequeath. London, and the whole of Mercia, rallied heartily around Harold,—a claimant of the crown, though with no hereditary right ; but then hereditary right among our Saxon forefathers was always subordinated to fitness, and Harold had been chosen war-king in full folkmote ; and, therefore, willingly the men of Mercia went forth with him to battle. But Harold was slain, and there was treason toward the people ; and so, partly by his sword, but more by crafty policy, William the Norman seized the crown. It is a singular proof of the rising importance of our city that William hastened hither immediately after the battle, although Winchester, the royal city, was nearer ; and Wace, a *trouvère* Norman born, tells us that he, the stern conqueror, actually asked the fathers of the city "by what laws they would be governed ?" Doubtless, we may well disbelieve this, but that he sought at London *some* recognition of his claim, we may believe ; and perhaps as a bribe, or a reward, William then gave that precious slip of parchment—so small, but so precious, and well worthy, for its suggestiveness alone, of a visit to the Library at Guildhall—which ensured them their Saxon birthright.

And, from henceforward, how did the commercial prosperity of the good city increase ! Ere the close of the century, we find foreign merchants not only visiting but dwelling in London, and quays, even then populous with mariners, "by the River's-side ;" and ere long the fair towers of St. Mary Overies surmounted the more humble church ; and beyond that stern Tower—built, doubtless, to overawe, though it could not crush, Saxon freedom—rose the hallowed towers of St. Katherine's ;—those towers always hailed with thanksgiving by the returning mariner, who, with glad thoughts of home, reverently lowered his topsail as he passed : and then, ere the twelfth century closed, that great work was undertaken—the Thames embankments.

Strange is it that of so important and so extensive a work so little should be known. From the appearance of the embankments near Thames-street, Sir Christopher Wren assigned them to the Romans, so strong and so excellent was the workmanship ; but late researches have proved that they were the work of the Middle Ages, and a recent writer, Mr. Cruden—whose views have not hitherto received the attention they merit—proves, in his "History of Gravesend and the Port of London," that they were certainly begun, although perhaps not completed, during the reign of our first Plantagenet. It is further proved, too, that this mighty work was undertaken at the cost, and under the supervision, not of the monarch, but of the city authorities—so early was self-government claimed and asserted by our forefathers. It was doubtless from the immense outlay involved in this undertaking that, although "the silver Thames" bathed the King's own palace (the Palace of Westminster) on the one side, as it flowed past the city, and the King's own stronghold on the other (the Tower), still, the subject river owned no royal jurisdiction, but was, even in the thirteenth century, almost as much the property of the city as a railway is of its company. Very amusing were the contests waged between the city authorities and the Earl-Marshal

of the Palace of Westminster, or the Constable of the Tower, chiefly on account of the swans, which now were kept in large numbers; but sometimes the fat salmon. Many a milk-white swan, sailing too near the wall that bounded the palace on the river's-side, was seized—"feloniously," the fathers of the city would say—by order of the Earl-Marshal or his subordinates; and many a net was furtively thrown, on summer nights, from the water-gate to intercept the huge salmon, as, betrayed by his silvery scales, he glided by. And then, if perchance news of these enormities came to the ears of the civic authorities, how proudly they bore themselves, and passed more stringent enactments for preservation of their rights, and threatened the King's officers just as though they had been mere Thames fishermen. We may smile at these contests, but, after all, we can scarcely over-value the importance of these early struggles of the civic with the royal power, when we view their ultimate results.

And now the fair river, deepened and flowing with a stronger current, could no longer be spanned by the fragile bridges of ancient days; so the crowning work, the stone-bridge with nineteen arches, was begun. Had the improvements of the river been encouraged by that chancellor, whose memory was so dear to the citizens as their martyred saint, Becket? We saw, when reviewing his life, in our March number, that he was certainly looked upon as a great benefactor to the city; might he not, therefore, have encouraged the work, even though he might not have suggested it? We cannot but incline to this view, when we remember that midway on that noble bridge stood the beautiful chapel of St. Thomas; that thither, at appointed times, the city authorities went in state to worship; and there Peter of Colechurch, who began, although he was not spared to see his noble work completed, prayed to be buried.

Perhaps no event ever dwelt on the minds of the inhabitants of a city so strongly as did the building of London Bridge. Some tale or other connected with it is linked with almost every tradition of old London; and that Peter of Colechurch was a mighty magician—not a bond-slave of the Evil One, but a "philosofre," who by his knowledge controlled even him—was the faith of many ages. This is scarcely to be wondered at, when we observe the stirring times in which this bridge was built. Its foundations were first laid when the whole nation was chafing against the King as the author of Becket's murder. During the long contest with Longchamp, Cœur de Lion's hated chancellor, the work was slowing proceeding; and it was finally completed in 1209, when the nation was not merely engaged in warfare against John, but during the time of the Interdict. Doleful stories are told about this Interdict in "popular" histories, but, from the testimony of contemporaries, our fathers seem to have taken it very easily. Certain is it that the King feasted right royally both at Christmas and Paschaltide, and his subjects, doubtless, in this case followed his example. Numerous

charters were granted to towns ; London received confirmation of her charter, and witnessed the completion of her proudest work—her Bridge.

From henceforward, very suggestive is it to remark how, “by the River’s side,” became the chosen site for great public establishments. The Fishmongers built their stately hall at the bridge-foot ; the Hanseatic merchants of the Steel Yard built there their warehouses, and that tall minaret-like watch-tower, that looks so picturesque in the old views of London. The merchants of the Vintry—no longer dwellers at Southampton—reared their “fayre stone houses” along the Vintry Quay ; and many a stately mansion of the London merchant and the noble graced Thames-street. And westward arose the convents of the Black Friars and the White Friars, close to the water’s edge ; and then the noble Preceptory of the Templars, with its fair gardens—gardens which have not, even now, wholly lost their greenery ; and still farther, the splendid palace of Peter of Savoy, and the mansion of the Archbishop of York ; while the newly-built Abbey, and the stately Palace of Westminster, closed the view “by the River’s side.” Beautiful certainly was mediæval London, and very stirring her history ; suggestive, too, each building—Convent, Preceptory, Merchant’s-Hall, Royal Palace, and right Royal Abbey. We must, however, close here ; but perhaps we will take, ere long, dear reader, another walk “by the River’s side.”

IV.

A CHAPLET FOR THE HERO.

I.

FLOWERS amaranthine ! leaves of changeless green !
 Hearty acclaim from all the good and true ;
 Beauty’s pure homage, graceful honour’s due :
 Hail for the hero ; hail ! and world-wide scene.
 There strideth hitherward, strong man, I ween,
 Proudly defiant, while the concave through
 Ring trumpet clangour, and a wild halloo ;
 And sword and breastplate flash their lightning sheen.
 Ha ! but there trails behind a moaning crowd,
 Hearts desolate and homeless ; and there rise
 Sad lamentations, and despair avowed ;
 The widow’s wail, and children’s orphan-cries.
 Honour the brave ! the claim though disallowed :
 War has too solemn woes and miseries !

II.

Who is the Hero ? lo, in grand array,
 With panoply, and pageantry of state,
 And glittering garniture, and welcomes great
 In lusty tones, from hosts beneath his sway ;—
 Room for the rich ! free largess strews the way,
 And hand profuse makes reckless pact with fate,
 Doling out purchase fee at thronged gate,
 Where luxury *fêtes* its humour day by day.
 Alas for riches ! when the rebel heart
 Makes golden calf out of its proper good ;
 And, apathetic, worships all apart ;
 Diffusive impulse slighted or withstood.
 Hero not thou ; from out life's sordid mart,
 However bold and arrogant thy mood.

III.

Leaves evergreen, with fresh and fragrant flowers !
 Who cometh then, the chaplet-wreath to claim ?
 Hark ! the tumultuous voices shout a name,
 While Flattery boasts incomparable powers ;
 The eloquence that upward grandly towers ;
 Climax concentrated, and pith of fame,
 Moving a nation or to praise or blame ;
 While foes retire, and opposition cowers.
 A-well-a-day ! while flattered and upraised
 To giddy eminence of thankless toil ;
 Thy brow is furrowed, and thy heart amazed
 Knows and laments the swell, and sharp recoil
 Of popular voice, and how the eye is dazed
 With the world's turbulent mockery and moil.

IV.

Give place ! to grouping of wild revelry :
 The joyance and frivolity of cheer ;
 Glad songs, melodiously thrilling clear ;
 And tales of merry times that used to be.
 The minstrel roundelays, and fantasie
 Of fairy lore, that young heart loves to hear ;
 And narratives of times of stirring fear,
 Plague or the famine, moaning dismally.
 Lo, many a hand is stretched to seize the prize,
 And crowding friends, presuming, claim the right ;
 But wisdom listens with averted eyes,
 Profound repugnance, and a stern affright ;
 Till the loud tumult with its mysteries,
 Whirls, trackless, through the gloom of starless night.

V.

Wreath amaranthine for a hero's brow !
 Who is the hero that shall win and wear ?
 Alas, amid the gaudy haze and glare,
 Where votaries to various influence bow,
 And multitudes a grovelling faith avow,
 With reckless aptitude to do or dare ;
 And little time to think, and little care ;
 And scanty heed, though pureness disallow.
 O bauble-hunting world, with gaze depressed,
 And greedy habitudes all purposeless ;
 To wait on thee, of hero-life in quest,
 What vexing, wandering, and weariness !
 How false and foolish, charged with all unrest,
 Thy promise, fashion, prattle, and impress.

VI.

Listen ! from out the depths where dull despair
 Holds its unsunned abode, and sorrows deep
 With mildew taint, in dismal silence creep ;
 Where wants are many, hope and comforts spare ;
 With soothing words of solace for life's care.
 And ministry of help to hearts that weep,
 And urgent rousing to resist the sleep
 Of drear dismay—there comes a voice of prayer !
 While kind, true hand, uplifts the veil that hides
 The daylight, from the dark where wretches grope ;
 Till into unaccustomed haunts there glides
 The promise and expectancy of hope ;
 While patience to time's brighter aspect guides,
 And teaches faith a holier creed and scope.

VII.

O brave and beautiful ! the earnest zeal
 Self-sacrificing, with its holy aim,
 Life's ease and quietness, its wealth and fame,
 To mitigate its sorrows, and reveal
 Thoughtful solicitude for other's weal ;
 Bold disregard of worldly scorn and shame,
 Folly's loose merriment, and scandal's blame ;
 Strong faith to persevere, and love to feel.
 The gentle touch that would not pain, but cheer ;
 The whispered word suggesting hope and joy :
 O blessed consecration in the fear
 And love of God, to His Divine employ.
 The welcome toil, to bring Christ's Gospel near,
 That souls may know the peace without alloy.

VIII.

Who is the Hero? he who, strong and true,
 In God's loved service renders devoir free;
 Teaching what blessedness and peace to be
 Christ-like, so rendering the homage due,
 With adoration ever glad and new:
 Helping the throbbing heart to feel and see,
 The happiness of holy fealty;
 The bliss of patient waiting, life-time through.
 Lo, with a loving heed, and gentle tone,
 With quiet words and aspect calm and bright;
 Strong in a strength far mightier than its own,
 And humble-minded in the world's despite;
 No hero this by poet's record known,—
 Yet grandly good in wisdom infinite!

IX.

Hero! to whom life is a battle-field;
 Whose faith is steadfast, and whose hope serene:
 Unselfish and unfearing, though the scene
 Of labour never recompense may yield:
 True hero! God will help thee still to wield
 Thy weapons deftly, as thy wont hath been;
 And amaranthine chaplet, fresh and green,
 Is thine, albeit yet bearing spear and shield.
 Good angels watch thee with a thankful gaze;
 The spirits of the just thy deeds approve;
 God helpeth mightily thy righteous ways,
 And waits to comfort with untiring love.
 Courage! rejoicing in eternal praise
 There cometh rest, and perfect peace above!

H. B.

V.

DOWN IN A DIVING-BELL.

UGHT a man to be blamed if he feels somewhat nervous when he is lowered, for the first time, into the waters of the ocean? I think not. Let every one who holds a contrary opinion try the experiment. Heroes have faltered when required to bathe, and valour of the highest order has not always proved insensible to the miseries of a momentary dip. Courage under water is a different thing from courage above water, and it would be hardly logical to assume that a person who could go through a battle with composure, might not feel rather faint when

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he found himself hanging in the deep with nothing but a great bubble of air around him to preserve him from suffocation.

Let us suppose, good reader, that you and I have taken our seats in a diving-bell. It shall be one of the open style—such as they used to employ at the Polytechnic in Regent-street. You know the principle of its construction? Place an insect or two upon a cork in a pail of water—invert a tumbler over that cork—then push the apparatus to the bottom of the vessel; and, on raising the glass to the surface, the little voyagers will come up perfectly safe and unsoaked. The bell is *our* tumbler: the sea is our tub; and we are the insects in question (species undescribed).

The tackle begins to creak, and the mouth of the machine dips into the water. I look rather pale, don't I? Quite natural! You feel pretty much as if you were going to the place of execution? Nothing more reasonable! I should like to know who would not share in my pallor and your perturbation, if forced into a similar situation. Some individuals might indeed attempt to conceal their emotions; but let us be honest, and confess that we are dreadfully alarmed!

First of all, it occurs to you that the bell may perhaps tilt up or turn over on one side just as would happen to the tumbler if it were not kept quiet. And such might be the case, were not the machine weighted at the lower part so as to preserve it perfectly upright in its descent, spite of currents or other disturbing causes. Dismiss your fears, therefore, on this score; we shall go down as straight as a plummet, and come up again—so I fervently hope, and so you fervently respond—without ever deserting the true perpendicular.

In the next place, you will naturally feel some solicitude respecting the supply of air. I do. Show me the man that would not, if he knew a particle about the chemistry of respiration. Shut up in a closed vessel like this for more than a few minutes, we should perish like the poor mice which philosophers have occasionally subjected to scientific torture in an exhausted receiver. Let a man be fastened up in Westminster Hall, every crevice in the building being hermetically sealed, and the prisoner would go on abstracting oxygen from the atmosphere until it became thoroughly vitiated, when of course death must promptly ensue. Hence the due renovation of the air is a vital point in the management of the diving-machine. The force-pump is the safest contrivance for feeding the apparatus with this cheap, but indispensable element. Dr. Halley employed a couple of barrels, which were raised and lowered alternately, like buckets in a well. The contents of each cask were successively decanted into the machine through a leathern pipe, a hole being left in the lower part, in order that the pressure of the water might drive out the air. A valve, at the top of the bell, permitted the diver to discharge the corrupted atmosphere from time to time; and then a rush of bubbles to the surface covered the sea for some small distance with white foam, and made it boil as if Behemoth were disporting himself beneath. By these means, the Doctor was enabled to remain under water for four hours and a-half;

and, enchanted by the success of his contrivance, he intimates that he might, perhaps, have tarried there all his life, if he had liked. Instead, however, of renovating the air by mechanical means, some persons have proposed to restore it to purity by chemical processes. Cornelius van Drebbell (better known as the inventor of the thermometer) is *said* to have possessed some plan by which he could renew the tainted atmosphere of a submarine vessel ; and, in proof of this, he went down with some rowers in the Thames, and remained under water for a considerable period. And does not Father Mersenne speak of a French diver, one Barriclus by name, who could continue submerged for six hours together (and burn a candle to boot), with only a cubic foot or two of air at his disposal—though it is known that, during this interval, the contents of fourteen or fifteen hogsheads would be required for the service of a single pair of lungs ? Mr. Babbage suggested that the carbonic acid emitted by the pulmonary organs might be fixed by means of lime or ammonia in solution ; and that condensed oxygen might be hoarded up for the renewal of the atmosphere of the machine.

By this time we are fairly in the water, and I observe that you carry your fingers to your ears, and look as if you were rather troubled in that region. It is the same with myself. We begin to complain of a horrible pressure upon our “drums.” We are both of opinion that they will give way in case we are not speedily relieved. We feel, indeed, as if some invisible sprite were thrusting quills into the auditory passages. The philosophy of the nuisance is this, the atmosphere of the bell necessarily grows denser as we descend, because it is crushed into smaller compass by the increasing weight of the water ; consequently, as the air within the cavities of the ear is thinner than that without, the intervening membrane will be cruelly stretched, it might possibly be ruptured, unless the equilibrium were restored. On one occasion, a diver attempted to protect himself by filling the external chambers with chewed paper ; but on arriving at the surface, he found that the pieces had been wedged in so forcibly that they were extracted with considerable difficulty. Fortunately the remedy is very simple. You must pretend to swallow air as you would swallow soup. In the act of deglutition, the condensed fluid around you finds admission through the eustachian tube to the interior of the organs, and thus by equalizing the pressure on both sides of the tympanum the pain is removed. But this process must be repeated at intervals as we advance, and similarly when we return—I hope we *shall* return—though the conditions are then reversed. It is decidedly not pleasant to feel as if a quill were poked into your ear at each step of your progress.

We proceed slowly. Perhaps you think the men who are lowering us are anxious to make the most of our agony. It certainly looks very like it ; but there is one good reason at least why we should sink in a leisurely fashion. Triewald mentions a diver who was let down precipitately for the space of a fathom, owing to the carelessness of the people who worked the bell. The result was, that the rapid condensa-

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tion of the air forced the blood out of his nose and ears, and compressed his body as if it had been suddenly loaded with lead. Let us hope, therefore, that the men will be particularly cautious on this point, for a run of a few feet would be highly objectionable.

What is that you say? It is growing excessively hot, you think. Undoubtedly. This is another consequence of the pressure to which our little atmosphere is exposed. Air contains a quantity of caloric, which may be squeezed out of it as water is squeezed out of a sponge. Let a piece of fine tinder be placed in a tube closed at one extremity, and provided with a piston at the other; give a smart blow to the latter, and sufficient heat will be developed to inflame the susceptible material. Were the atmosphere of our globe suddenly and extensively compressed, its caloric would be expelled so copiously that it might set fire to every combustible thing, and melt or vitrify the whole surface. Besides, as the warmer and lighter air always ascends, the upper portion of the bell (the place where our heads are at present stationed) must necessarily be the hottest latitude in the machine. You begin to fear, therefore, that you will probably faint; and you wish to know whether my sensations are the same. I will give you an explicit reply. I scorn to use any disguise. I have the honour to feel equally uneasy with yourself; and I candidly confess my apprehensions that if the temperature should continue to rise until it reaches the swooning point (unmarked on most thermometers), our friends on *terra firma* may have reason to regret that we have ever ventured upon this perilous enterprise.

Remembering, however, that fainting has become quite unfashionable, and that we are all strong-minded men and women now-a-days, I make a vigorous effort to master my emotions, and request your attention to the fact that whilst the air appears to grow hotter the water in reality becomes cooler. For, as the warmer, and consequently the lighter, fluid (down to about 40° F.) must float upon the heavier, the sea will gradually increase in chilliness until (if deep enough) a certain point is attained; so that even within the tropics, where a blazing sun is playing upon the surface of the ocean, water has been hoisted up from below at a temperature not many degrees above the freezing point. And here, also, I am reminded of another little philosophical peculiarity of our position. Your voice sounds rather thin and feeble; and I notice that you do not seem to catch my words as distinctly as might be expected, considering that we are in such friendly proximity. How is this? It is well known that the loudness of a sound is affected by the density or tenuity of the air. Every person who has read Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," or "Brewer's Guides" is presumed to be aware of the fact that when a bell is rung in the receiver of an air-pump, the noise grows fainter as the winch is worked, until at length you see the clapper wag, but hear no merry tinkle. The converse should, of course, obtain if the atmosphere is compressed; and hence a pistol, which would produce an explosion like that of a cracker on the top of a high mountain, ought to go off like a little cannon when discharged in a

diving-machine. Long ago, however, it was ascertained by M. Colladon that men did not talk like Stentors whilst descending in the bell, but seemed to roar pretty much like Bottom's sucking doves. Müller ascribes this apparent anomaly to the fact first indicated by Dr. Wollaston, that when the membrana tympani is rendered tense from any cause, partial deafness is produced. So long as the acoustic curtain is strained by atmospheric pressure on either side, the faculty of hearing is impaired ; but, of course, when it recovers its natural laxity, and is at peace within and without, the increased density of the air will be recognized in its sonorous results.

Talking of sound, however (and I do not think it beneath me to acknowledge that I turn philosophical for the purpose of keeping up my courage, and of diverting my attention from the horrors of our position), you must observe that a noise will travel with greater facility through water, when excited in that fluid, than it does through the air. Colladon found that a bell could be distinctly heard across Lake Lemán, a distance of nine miles, when the vibrations were transmitted by a purely liquid route. In fact, they traverse an aqueous medium four-and-a-half times faster than they do an atmospheric one. Hence, if a merman has anything to say to a mermaid (which, I suppose, will sometimes happen), or if a Triton blows his trumpet to summon the sea-gods to a council (which, I imagine, rarely occurs in these unclassical days), the sound will rush along with great velocity, and diffuse itself through a sphere of considerable extent. All submarine conversations, as sea-nymphs are well aware, should therefore be carried on with caution, if it is important that they should not be overheard.

Meanwhile, we continue to descend inch by inch. The light, of course, becomes dimmer as we proceed. Should the water be at all turbid, we are soon shrouded in what Halley calls "perfect night." Should it prove tolerably pellucid, we receive a softened sort of radiance, which is green where the liquid is fresh, blue where it is salt.

Ah ! what is that I hear ? You don't like the present state of things at all ; you have a strong objection to darkness, and particularly to darkness in a diving-bell. Why, my dear friend, these are precisely my own sentiments ; but I am afraid we cannot give the signal for recall with any credit, until we have gone a little farther into the deep. Undoubtedly, if we were to sink as far as 700 feet—I trust my tones are not becoming unduly tremulous—scarcely a ray of the sun, generally speaking, could follow us there. It is calculated that, at a depth of 200 feet, the lustre of that luminary is only equal in effect to the light of a farthing candle shining upon you at the distance of a foot. Let it not be supposed, however, that the beams of the great orb are stripped of their fire and heat by plunging through a stratum of the coldest water. A workman employed on the Plymouth breakwater went down in a diving-bell which had a convex glass fixed in the top for the purpose of letting in light. The glass unexpectedly operated as a burning lens, for the poor fellow soon discovered that a conflagration was raging on his head, his paper cap

having come into focus, and his scalp being perilled by this touch of solar pleasantry.

And since without light there can be no colour, it has been observed that the hues of animals, which dwell at various depths in the ocean, decline in intensity until a certain limit is reached ; and if, beyond that point, life still exists, it appears to be as pallid and cadaverous as if it were already on the brink of death. The late Professor Edward Forbes established a kind of chromatic scale amongst the Testacea of the *Ægean* Sea. Ranking them in zones according to their different habitats, he found that the liveliest tints and gayest combinations of colour were to be discovered in the shells which occupied the uppermost, or littoral, belt. Whilst the species near the surface were drenched in prismatic glories, the denizens of the inferior regions grew more modest in their markings and adornments, until at last even the faint flush of colour discernible amongst these creatures seemed to be well-nigh extinguished, and the few specimens which survived were, for the most part, wan and lustreless things. Out of 18 shells raised from a depth of 100 fathoms and upwards in the Mediterranean, only one presented any decided tintings ; and, in our own seas, every individual drawn from a similar depth proved to be wholly without hue.

Further and further we continue to sink. The time we have consumed, and—let us be frank—the trepidation we have endured, might almost induce us to believe that we had descended some thousands of feet into the watery abyss. And yet a few fathoms will measure the whole distance we have described. Since the height, and consequently the weight of the fluid above us is increasing at every step of our progress, it follows that the space reserved for air within the bell is constantly contracting. You observe that the liquid is gradually rising in the machine. You have had to double up your legs already, I perceive ; and if we proceed much deeper we shall be immersed to our chests, and almost strangled in the embrace of the floods. For, at a depth of about thirty-two feet, we are exposed to a pressure equivalent to that of a double atmosphere. In other words, an additional weight of from fourteen to fifteen pounds is put upon every one of our square inches. The same invisible sprite who amuses himself by poking invisible quills into your ears has been silently piling up several hundredweights upon our frames, so that each of us now sustains a burden of more than twenty tons. “What Atlases we must be !” you exclaim. Fortunately there is no vacuum within the body, otherwise it would collapse and shrivel beneath the prodigious incubus. If a diving-apparatus were a closed machine, it might be lowered to a greater depth than an open bell ; but it would be necessary to construct it of stout materials in order that it might resist the powerful strain to which it would be exposed. Sir John Herschel mentions an individual (probably Mr. Day) who fitted up a vessel for recovering treasure from sunken ships, and who went down by way of trial, but never returned to the light ; for, as no adequate allowance had been made for the increased pressure of water, the frail fabric was crushed

like a band-box in the coils of a boa-constrictor. Or, to put the matter in a more pleasing form, let me recommend you to take a bottle of pure sherry (if such a phenomenon can be discovered in Europe), and, having corked and sealed it, send it into the depths of the ocean by means of a sounding line. Haul it up, and take a glass—I beg to decline for myself—and what will be the result? Why, you will find that a vertical voyage does not improve the quality of wine as a horizontal one is presumed to do. The liquid which went down price six or seven shillings the bottle will come up at considerably less than a farthing the barrel. The superincumbent weight of the ocean has, in fact, so compressed the cork that the contents will be little better than mere brine. Need I say, therefore, that no merman accustomed to sport in deep waters could ever wear such a head-dress as a terrestrial hat, for it would be forced down upon his skull like an empty egg-shell; and certainly no sea-nymph would dream of employing garments stiffened by crinoline or expanded by slender steel hoops, like their sisterhood of the land.

But here you remind me that a curious question is sometimes raised—occasionally, too, amongst very intelligent people—respecting the effect of deep water upon sinking substances.

What excellent nerves you must have to propound a philosophical thesis at this depth below the surface! Such composure of mind is exceedingly uncommon in a diving-bell. I will endeavour to wind up my courage to the height of your argument. Now, what is your difficulty?

This: it has sometimes been contended that as the weight of water constantly increases there must be a point, if the sea be deep enough, where electric cables will float, and where even cannon-balls must refuse to sink any further. This conclusion, however, arises from some confusion of idea in regard to pressure and compressibility. If water were a “squeezeable” fluid, like the air in the bell, a given quantity taken from the surface of the ocean—say, a pailful—would be gradually reduced in bulk the lower we descended, until it might be contained in a common tumbler. But in that case its density—that is, the quantity of matter included in a determinate space—would be proportionately augmented. Now, the only condition on which a cubic inch of iron or other heavy substance could remain in suspension at any particular depth, would be that it weighed neither more nor less than a cubic inch of the surrounding fluid. But it so happens that water is virtually an incompressible liquid. Its particles won’t consent to be forced into closer proximity. The Florentine academicians thought they could subdue its stubbornness by subjecting a sphere of gold filled with the fluid to enormous pressure; but the drops oozed through the metal rather than compromise their character by the slightest concession. Subsequent experiments by Canton, Perkins, and Oersted have indeed shown that there is some small contraction in bulk; but it is so trifling that the last-named philosopher estimated it at one part in forty-six millions for each additional atmosphere.

Since, therefore, at a depth of thirty-two feet, a cubic inch of water will have yielded to this extent only, we may consider that for all practical purposes the liquid is incapable of condensation.

On the other hand, if a body when carried down into deep water admits of reduction from the pressure of the fluid, or if its structure is so porous that the liquid can be readily forced into the interior, its gravity will be considerably, and (it may be) grotesquely increased. A piece of wood once carried to the floor of the Atlantic would lie there like a piece of metal. Scoresby tells us of a boat which was dragged down by a wounded whale, and which required five-and-twenty men to raise it to the surface. It was found to be so heavy in consequence of the injection of water into its tissues that two other boats—one at each extremity—were necessary simply to support it; and splinters flung into the ocean sank as if they were strips of iron.

But here our discourse is interrupted by a slight shock. I don't like it at all. My nerves unfortunately are not in the best possible order for such an excursion, but I trust I am not going to be seriously frightened. You, too, begin to feel strongly impressed with the solemnities of our position. Quite reasonable that you should! If Dr. Johnson refused to envy the man who could stand unmoved at Marathon or Iona, we may decline to be the individuals who could sit phlegmatically in the sea, and not experience an emotion of awe when we thought of the great abyss of waters in which we were immersed. Sir, we ought not to come down here like brute beasts. A little faltering in the voice, a little fluttering at the heart, a little perspiration on the brow, are but fitting expressions of homage to the majesty of the ocean.

The cause of the shock, however, is soon explained. The bell has grazed the side of a sunken rock, and, after a few concussions (which induce us to feel still more like the man at Marathon or Iona), it alights on the bed of the sea. Fortunately we have made our descent in a shallowish quarter. All divers are not equally happy in their landing, if it may be so termed. Triewald refers to one who came into contact with the bolt of a wreck, which pierced a hole in the side of his machine. The water began to rush in, the air began to rush out; and the big bubbles, gurgling to the surface, threw the attendants into great consternation. With remarkable presence of mind, however, the diver thrust his arm into the aperture, and, having given the signal, was drawn up in safety, thanks to this extemporaneous plug.

Once down at the bottom of the ocean, the diver may leave the bell if he is provided with aquatic armour, of which various kinds have been devised. These mainly consist of a stout helmet for the head, and of strong sheathing for the upper part of the frame, or else the person is protected by a sort of case from which the arms protrude for the purpose of gathering the treasures which somehow or other most people expect to find at the bottom of the sea. To supply the explorer with air a flexible tube is connected with the bell, or a sufficient allowance of breathing material is forced into a belt by means of a condensing pump. Thus equipped, I fancy that any sea-deity who may chance to fall in with one of these human monsters—foraging for

gold in his domains—will be well-nigh scared out of his wits by the uncouth apparition. Neptune himself would probably run away were he to catch a glimpse of a diver dressed after Klingert's fashion, with a tin-plate pot on his head, a brass-hooped cylinder round his loins, and drawers with an iron framing to protect his legs.

But even adopting the best of these devices, it is found difficult to venture upon any extensive explorations. That pleasant old prattler in science, Bishop Wilkins, who hoped to effect such wonderful discoveries in the bed of the sea by means of his "arks," where families were to live, and where children were to be born, would have been woefully disappointed had he learned how little man can still accomplish by his submarine gropings.

But as we have not provided ourselves with armour, and have satisfied our curiosity already, and have no great expectation of finding a fortune where Duke Clarence dreamt he saw such glorious wedges of gold and heaps of pearls, you become anxious that the signal for return should be given. I pull the rope accordingly. But the machine does not move! I begin to feel very uneasy. Horrible thoughts rush through my brain. *Can the men above have run away, and left us to perish?* People have done strange things before, why may they not do strange things again? There are scoundrels who would think it an excellent joke—really a superb piece of waggery—to let us lie here until we were drowned by the rising water, or choked with our own carbonic acid. Perhaps the rascals have gone to dinner, and not knowing anything about the chemistry of the lungs, imagine that we can make ourselves quite comfortable until they are pleased to return. Or, possibly—and the very thought seems to stiffen my hair into porcupine's quills—the tackling by which we were suspended may have snapped, and, if so, our case is perfectly desperate! Oh, why (I ask myself in agony) did I enter a machine not constructed upon Mr. Spalding's plan, for did not that ingenious grocer insist upon having a separate chamber in his apparatus, in order that it might be filled with water when he wanted to sink, but occupied with air when he wished to rise? My dear friend, if we had only come down upon *his* principles, we might have ascended to the surface at pleasure, and got amongst those miscreants whilst they were in the very act of chuckling over our fate!

But no! a jerk is felt. The bell begins to move. I recant my uncharitable surmises. Human nature, after all, is not so diabolical as many people choose to assert. There we go—sure enough—slowly cleaving the waters on our return to the warm precincts of day. Our spirits mount as we approach the surface, and particularly when we reflect that we have nearly accomplished a feat which few timorous mortals would dare to attempt. You may notice, too, that your appetite seems to rise as well. The fact is, that the compressed air of a diving bell sharpens it amazingly. Persons employed in constructing piers, breakwaters, or in other subaqueous operations, which compel them to work in a dense atmosphere, become uncommonly voracious. Inspiring, as they do, a larger quantity of oxygen than usual with every

act of inhalation, a quicker waste of the bodily material ensues. To make this good, fuller or more frequent rations are required. Let no man therefore invite a person to dinner who has just been down in a diving-machine, unless he is prepared to see his guest make havoc with his provisions.

At last, with a great "plop," such as an inverted pail or tumbler makes when it leaves the water, we emerge from the bosom of the briny deep (to use the language of poets), and are immediately brought to bank (to employ the homelier phraseology of pitmen).

But after all, you ask, What is there to be seen at the bottom of the ocean? Ah, good reader, if you could walk across the bed of the Atlantic or Pacific, from continent to continent, it would be the strongest stroll that mortal ever took! You would find, if your faculties of vision were sufficiently sharpened for the purpose, that there were hill and valley—towering mountains whose tops were islands, and huge plains rivalling the great deserts of the land in their desolate sweep, with here and there volcanic cones,* sheets of hardened lava, springs of boiling water, and terrible chasms left by the earthquakes which have gashed the ground. In the deeper parts of the sea not a blade of true vegetation could be detected. Not a single fish probably swims in the profundities of the ocean, and if Schiller's diver had reached these solemn regions, he would have met with none of the monsters he encountered in howling Charybdis. There no ray of light from the smiling sun ever pierces. A stillness like that of an unpeopled planet prevails, for the fiercest tempest which ploughs up the surface in huge billows, cannot trouble the tranquillity of those awful abysses, and there the great disturber, man, never comes except dying—dead. All, in fact, is gloom and desolation. For though the plummet has faintly probed those depths, what news has it brought up to the dwellers on the land? Simply this, that the bed of the ocean is a vast cemetery, strewn with the shells of microscopic creatures, which once lived near the surface, and when their little life was ended, sank slowly, weeks or months being consumed in their funeral march to the bottom, where they will repose till some day this spacious burial-ground will be uplifted, and then they will appear as compact and massive rocks. But "the depths have more." For there lie the remnants of the gallant ship which foundered in storm, or sunk in battle—the cannon and cutlass, which are now corroding in peace—the costly merchandise which, saved, would have secured its owners fortune; lost, destroyed his hopes, and broke his heart—the gold for which the possessor bartered his honour here, and perhaps his happiness hereafter—and, mixed with all, the grinning skull and ghastly skeleton—the bones of the fierce pirate and his helpless prey—relics alike of the lawless rovers who swept the ocean for plunder, and of the honest mariner who died in the service of civilization, and went down to rest in hope till the sea shall be summoned to give up its dead, both good and bad, both small and great.

* A line of cinders has been traced by the sounding apparatus for a distance of 1,000 miles between Ireland and America (Maury).

VI.

CLAREMONT, AND THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARY POWELL."

Daughter of chiefs and monarchs! where art thou?
 Fond hope of many nations, art thou dead?
 Could not the grave forget thee, and lay low
 Some less majestic, less beloved head?
 In the sad midnight, while thy heart still bled,
 The mother of a moment, o'er thy boy,
 Death hushed that pang for ever: with thee fled
 The present happiness and promised joy,
 Which filled the imperial isles so full, it seemed to cloy.

CHILDE HAROLD. Canto IV.

It is more than twenty years ago that we accompanied an invalid mother one fine autumn by leisurely stages to the Isle of Wight. Our first halt was at the neat country inn of the Bear at Esher, fifteen miles from town; and while one of us remained with my dear mother in the quaint little inn parlour, the others proceeded up a by-road to the left of the inn, bounded by mossy park palings, and overhung by fine trees, till we reached a lodge-gate, surmounted by the royal arms.

At the mention of a talismanic name, "the gates wide open flew," though not on golden hinges turning, and we proceeded up a carriage-road, winding through undulating turf cropped by sheep, till we came to the house.

It is a substantial, light-brick mansion, with stone dressings, and a Grecian portico surmounted by the royal arms. A flight of about twenty steps led us to the entrance-door, where we soon obtained audience of the housekeeper, who took us over the first-floor, which comprises a square entrance-hall, grand staircase, and eight spacious apartments *en suite*.

After duly admiring a fine cast of the Warwick vase in iron, lined with copper, executed at Berlin, which occupies the centre of the hall, we entered the library, which contained full-length portraits, by Dawe, of the Princess Charlotte and Prince Leopold; also portraits of the Princess's preceptor, Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Salisbury, and her sub-preceptor, Dr. Short.

"On this chair," said the housekeeper, with a little sigh, "the Princess laid her shawl the evening she returned from her last walk—and her watch on that chimney-piece. She was tired, and sat down directly she came in."

We listened with reverence; then followed her into the dining-room, where there was a fine cattle-piece, by Louthenberg, over the chimney-piece. Next we came to the gallery, fifty-eight feet by twenty-four, where were full-length portraits of the Prince and Princess, again by Dawe, who seems to have basked in the sunshine of Court patronage. There were also many other portraits, including

those of George III. and Queen Charlotte, copied by Lawrence from Sir Joshua Reynolds; the Princess's maternal grandmother, the Duchess of Brunswick; the keen, caustic Frederick the Great, of Prussia, &c. Also several cabinet pictures, by the old masters; none of them sufficiently interesting to retain a permanent place in the memory. One of them the Princess had herself bought at an old shop in Oxford-street. Various busts, a statuette or two, and one or two bronzes. In one of the windows, I now forget which—either of this gallery or the drawing-room—a pretty polished table, formed of the pebbles collected at the sea-side by the Princess in her childhood, imbedded in cement.

Next came the breakfast-room, communicating with the room in which the Princess died, and which, for twenty years afterwards, was locked up. In this breakfast-room, if I remember right, the Prince slept when the Princess was confined; and here he afterwards slept when he became King of the Belgians, during his yearly visits to Claremont. Adjoining it are a small dressing-room and bath-room.

Lastly, we came to the drawing-room, stored with ornaments and curiosities of all descriptions, including two Indian cabinets presented to the Princess by the Marquis of Hastings; and a superb porcelain table, adorned with highly-finished paintings of the interior of the Louvre, and presented to the Prince by Charles X. Here we were pleased to renew our acquaintance with Sir William Beechey's charming portrait of the Duchess of Kent, sitting on a sofa, dressed in slight mourning, with her infant daughter, the little Victoria, playing with the Duke of Kent's miniature, hanging round the widowed Duchess's neck.

The housekeeper remarked that those of the household who could remember the Princess Charlotte, thought the Princess Victoria somewhat resembled her, especially in her quickness and decision. Her Royal Highness was very fond of coming to Claremont, where King Leopold wished her to feel quite its mistress; and once, when with the intention of doing her honour, new chairs, &c., were substituted for the old ones in the drawing-room, she exclaimed that she liked the old ones the best, and begged they might be restored to their places.

All this, scanty as it was, interested us in our future Queen, who became our Queen in reality the following year; but being as yet only the expectancy and rose of the fair state, I must say we dwelt less on her than on the memory of one whose early promise, misfortunes, short-lived happiness, and premature death, had already consecrated the sleepy shades of Claremont; and as we returned through the park, after visiting the gardens, we dropped into silence, during which I called up all the scattered anecdotes of her that my memory supplied.

I have often wondered that no little manual has ever appeared, simple and short enough to preserve her name among us. She was born on the 7th of January, 1796; and the separation of her parents occurring soon afterwards, she was left in charge of her mother, the

Princess of Wales, who took up her abode at Montague House, Blackheath. In a short time, however, the little Princess was removed from her mother's care, and placed with Lady Elgin in a neighbouring residence; only visiting the Princess of Wales once a week.

Meantime her education was carefully conducted. Hannah More, writing in 1799 from Fulham Palace, says: "I have been rather royal lately; on Monday I spent the morning at the Pavilion at Hampton Court, with the Duchess of Gloucester; and yesterday I passed the morning with little Princess Charlotte at Carlton House. She is the most sensible and genteel little creature you would wish to see. I saw Carlton House and gardens in company with the pretty Princess, who had great delight in opening the drawers, uncovering the furniture, curtains, lustres, &c., to show me. My visit was to Lady Elgin, who has been spending some days here. For the Bishop of London's entertainment and mine, the Princess was made to exhibit all her learning and accomplishments; the first consisted in her repeating 'The Little Busy Bee,' the next in dancing very gracefully, and singing 'God save the King,' which was really affecting (all things considered) from her little voice. Her understanding is so forward that they really might begin to teach her many things. It is, perhaps, the highest praise after all to say, that she is exactly like the child of a private gentleman, wild and natural, but sensible, lively, and civil." She delighted the Bishop of London (who told her that when she went to Southend, she would be in his diocese,) by dropping on her knees, and asking his blessing.

Probably the bad terms on which her royal parents were living had caused her removal to Carlton House; but she used still to visit the Princess of Wales at Blackheath, and as she drove along the Kent-road, stood at the carriage window kissing her pretty hand to passers-by, her beautiful fair hair falling in long heavy curls over her shoulders. One day my grandmother, who had frequently thus noticed her, observed, to her surprise, that she wore a dark crop wig, surmounted by a white turban, with a red rose in it! On mentioning this strange circumstance to a lady who had friends at Court, the latter replied, "Ah, I think I can explain it. The Prince of Wales lately asked Lady Elgin why the child's hair was allowed to grow in that frightful manner, on which she replied that it was by the Princess of Wales's order. The Prince sent for scissors, and, without another word, cut the Princess's hair off himself, so close that her head was rubbed with spirits to prevent her taking cold; and, doubtless, the first wig that could be procured was made use of." However that might be, my grandmother saw for herself, when the wig was left off, that the hair beginning to grow was notched across the forehead, as if by an unskilful cutter.

Unhappy the child of parents at variance! Of course, the Princess Charlotte was soon old enough to know "the state of parties;" for children are, in general, precociously observant of such matters, and she was a clever child. Unable to decide the demerits

of the case, her heart instinctively clung to her mother, who, wayward and flighty beyond belief, had a certain gay good-humour that probably attracted children. The Princess of Wales was not likely to attach her daughter to Queen Charlotte, by whom she was herself treated very coldly. In May, 1807, she claimed to be received at Court, which was reluctantly granted; but the Queen gave no token of being pleased to see her. On this occasion the Prince and Princess of Wales met for the last time in their lives, and in the very centre of the apartment—the observed of all observers. They bowed, paused a moment or two, exchanged a few words heard by no one else, and then passed on; he, cold and stately, she, “half-mirthful, half-melancholy, as though she rejoiced she was there in spite of him, and yet regretted that her visit was not under happier auspices.” Three years afterwards, Queen Charlotte sent the Princess of Wales an elegant aigrette on her birthday. The Princess Charlotte, with more levity than respect, observed that it was “pretty well, considering who sent it!” which was doubtless received with a hearty laugh. The poor old Queen’s popularity had long been on the wane; she was most unjustly considered stingy, though it appeared, after her death, that she had privately given large sums of money to her sons; and her strong sense of propriety was equally unpalatable to the Prince and Princess of Wales. I remember hearing that on one occasion, when every one had, in obedience to etiquette, finished their tea at the same time with the Queen, except the Princess Charlotte, who remained chatting and sipping from her cup, an attendant presented himself with a salver, and respectfully said, “Your Royal Highness, Her Majesty has finished,” on which she laughingly replied, “If the Queen’s throat is paved, mine is not,” and retained her cup. The story went on to relate that the Queen took no notice of the slight at the time, but, the next morning, sent for the Princess, and remonstrated with her on her conduct, adding, “The King’s days can now be but few; and, should an untimely end unhappily await your father, you would be Queen of England. In that event, I should pay to you the same respect that you now owe to me,” which so much touched the Princess that she shed tears.

Another anecdote was, that the Princess Charlotte, on asking one of the ladies placed about her who would be the proper person to present her at Court, was answered, “the Duchess of York,” which made her so indignant at the implied slight to her mother, that she threw a cup of tea into the speaker’s face. For this she was taken to task by her preceptor, Bishop Fisher, who said, “I fear your Royal Highness did not remember my recommendation to overcome these hasty bursts of temper, by mentally repeating the Lord’s Prayer.” “O yes,” said she, “I remembered it, but I really was too much provoked to do it.”

She early gave traits, indeed, of self-will, caprice, and obstinacy; but also of kindness, generosity, and a love of truth, candour, and rectitude. “Her skin is white,” wrote Lady Charlotte Campbell,

"but not a transparent white; there is little or no shade in her face, but her features are very fine. Their expression, like that of her general demeanour, is noble. Her feet are rather small, and her hands and arms are finely moulded. She has a hesitation in her speech, amounting almost to a stammer; her voice is flexible, and her tones dulcet, except when she laughs." For the greater part of this description I can vouch. I perfectly remember seeing her, coming out of the Chapel-Royal one Sunday, dressed in a green satin pelisse, walking very fast—holding the Bishop, her preceptor, not by the arm, but by the hand—and bobbing, rather than bowing, her head to the rows of people between whom she passed. She looked very white, and very cross, as if she had heard something unpleasant in the sermon.

Poor young Princess! she was very unhappy. At that time she was living in the dismal seclusion of Warwick House, behind Piccadilly. The Princess of Wales had publicly appealed to the Prince in a letter which he had twice privately sent back unopened, and which she then inserted in the newspapers; remonstrating, among other things, against the restrictions now placed on her intercourse with her daughter. The Prince-Regent, incensed at the publicity thus given to the letter, refused to allow any meeting at all, for awhile, between the Princesses. The Duchess of Leeds was appointed to succeed Lady De Clifford as governess, much to the dissatisfaction of the Princess Charlotte, who said she thought she was old enough, now, to dispense with a governess. But though an Order in Council might prevent the mother and daughter from meeting under one roof, it could not prevent chance interviews in the open air, when their carriages met. On one of these occasions, they drew up near the Serpentine River, leant from their carriage-windows, and eagerly kissed one another, greatly to the interest of sympathizing spectators.

In 1814, the Prince of Orange came to England as the Princess Charlotte's suitor. The Prince Regent had the marriage much at heart, and more than one interview with the Princess was accorded him. But he failed to obtain her good graces, which some say were already bespoken for Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg by the Duchess of Oldenburg. As the Princess, though forbidden to see her mother, continually exchanged letters with her, the Prince Regent, believing this correspondence influenced her rejection of the Prince of Orange, prohibited its continuance, and even, it is said, examined the contents of her writing-desk. Satisfied that she was still too much under her mother's influence, he quietly took measures for her removal from Warwick House to the dull seclusion of Cranbourne Lodge, in Windsor Forest. Accordingly, on the 16th of July, 1814, he repaired to Warwick House, accompanied by the new ladies-in-waiting whom he intended to place about the Princess. These were the Countesses of Rosslyn and Ilchester, the Misses Coates, and Miss Campbell. A short walk through the gardens of Carlton House brought them to their destination. The Prince

Regent desired the ladies to wait in the ante-room, and then unceremoniously entered the drawing-room in which was the Princess.

To her surprise and dismay, he briefly informed her that her late attendants were dismissed; their substitutes were in the adjoining room; and she herself must instantly prepare to accompany them to Cranbourne Lodge.

With wonderful self-command, she only begged that she might leave the room for a few minutes to take leave of her attendants and prepare for her journey. The Prince consented; and, as soon as she was gone, returned to Carlton House to dress for dinner.

No sooner was he gone than the Princess—who had hastily equipped herself—stole out of the house, hastened to Cockspur-street, called a hackney-coach, and desired the hackney-coachman to drive her instantly to the Princess of Wales.

This man, who happened to be brother to my grandfather's coachman, said afterwards, he should never have suspected who she was, but for her putting into his hand a guinea. That made him think she must either be somebody who did not know the value of money, or who had some very particular reason for running away. He was confirmed in his suspicion on reaching Connaught House, by the servant's answer to the inquiry whether the Princess of Wales were at home, "No, your Royal Highness."

The Princess Charlotte immediately desired that a messenger might be dispatched to recal her from Blackheath. The Princess of Wales was in her carriage when the messenger came up with her; and, with presence of mind, drove first to the House of Commons, in search of Mr. Whitbread, who was not there, and then to the House of Lords for Lord Grey, who was likewise absent. She then sent her servants in quest of Lord (then Mr.) Brougham, and for Miss Maria Elphinstone, a young friend of the Princess Charlotte's, whom she thought likely to influence her. For the Princess of Wales, frivolous as she was, had common sense enough to know that the heiress-presumptive to the Crown had placed herself in a very awkward situation; and she was obliged to provide for her extrication from it before she indulged herself in folding her to her heart. Mr. Brougham arrived first, speedily followed by Miss Elphinstone and the Princess of Wales. They found the Princess Charlotte's fixed resolution was, to quit her father's protection and live with her mother; but Mr. Brougham explained to her that it was now settled by the law of the land that "the King, or Regent, had absolute power to dispose of the persons of all the Royal Family while under age." The Princess was greatly excited; but her mother, though much affected, entreated her to yield to circumstances neither of them were able to resist; and her pleadings were enforced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Lord Eldon, and the Duke of York, each of whom repaired to the spot in a hackney-coach. Lord Eldon, indeed, resorted to threats of shutting up; and after resisting all that could be said to her for many hours, the Princess at length consented, between four and five o'clock in the

morning, to return to Warwick House, accompanied by the Duke of York and her governess.

She could expect nothing, after this, better than to be sent to Cranbourne Lodge, where she bore her seclusion better than might have been expected. The Duke of Sussex desired to know, in Parliament, whether his niece were "in durance," or permitted to see her friends; to which no satisfactory answer was given. The Princess of Wales offered to resign the Rangership of Greenwich Park to her daughter, and give up Montague House to her; but the Regent replied that he would see to the Rangership being properly filled up, and could not permit his daughter to reside in a house which had ever been inhabited by the Princess of Wales! Her comment was, "End well, all well;" which was not verified in the case of any of the three. She hastened her preparations for going to travel on the Continent; and, on the 9th of August, sailed from England, never to return to it during her daughter's life.

(To be continued.)

VII.

SOME PICTURES IN AND OUT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

THE word which, all things considered, we should select to characterise the Royal Academy Exhibition for 1860, is the word "health." Few, if any, of the pictures on the walls can be called great; few, if any, display the grandeur and power of creative imagination. But the work is, in general, sincere. The commonplace man has not said to himself, Go to, I will build a tower of High Art reaching unto Heaven. The light that never was on sea or shore has not been parodied by the light of sickly studio-dreaming. In the vast majority of instances there has been a reality in the painter's eye when he executed his work; and he has executed it without straining after effect, but without slovenliness, with a frank and loving energy which has almost always brought something of nature's truth, life, and brightness, upon his canvas. The influence, therefore, of the exhibition is pleasant, bracing, healthful; the "sunlight of picture" falls with fresh and gladdening effect, like a kindly reminiscence of the sunlight of nature.

Reader, it is of some importance to have a clear and firm conception of what the terms healthfulness and sickness, applied to Art, legitimately mean. The Art of this year's Exhibition is, we have said, healthful on the whole, but this qualification implies exception. Had the very worst picture of that sad time when Byron, oppressed with the ghastly hypocrisies of so-called High Art, sighed for the redeeming

freshness of "one green field" been preserved to us—which by the kind decree of oblivion it has not been—we could not have contrasted more boldly the false and morbid with the true and healthful in Art, than by comparing the High-Art pictures on these walls by the great Academician and Professor of Painting, Solomon Alexander Hart, with the other productions of the year. There is evidently some wild witty fairy haunting the Councils of the Royal Academy, some sly and clever Puck, rejoicing in things "that befall preposterously," and clapping his hands in wicked glee when he gets an ass-headed Bottom placed, in delicious unconsciousness, side by side with a young and beaming Titania. Only on this supposition can we account for the fact that two of the sublime Professor's most sublime works are placed left and right of J. C. Hook's "Stand Clear!" Right is "Sacred Music." Three female idealities, one bearing a banjo, in dim yellowish and reddish robes, with faces tending upwards, faintly sanctimonious, but, on the whole, with no meaning in particular, constitute the said sphere-harmony. Right is a portrait of the respected Mr. Fogie, harmless and innocent-looking, unless it is a crime to be preternaturally dull, attended by Master Peter Fogie, an indescribably sleepish youth. The catalogue—the printer's imp having, no doubt, been in close league with the mischievous fairy we have imagined—bears that the said Fogies, senior and junior, are "From the Lay of the Last Minstrel," and after an effort we realize that Mr. Fogie and Master Peter are Academic idealizations of the minstrel and the orphan boy of Scott's poem. Look, now, between these High-Art sublimities. "Stand clear!" sings out the fisherman's boy on the right bow of the boat, as he sends the painter dancing into the air, and the last green wave lifts her lovingly home. There is music in that clear cry, Professor, to the full as sacred as the notes of the insipid lady's banjo. In the boat the father furls the sail, while his other two sons are on her left bow, ready to spring ashore. Bronzed with sun and sea-wind, but content with their lot—glowing with that health which sweetens the worker's fare, and makes his sleep light and dreamless—showing the ray of mercy which gilds the curse of labour honestly and bravely borne—this fisherman and his sons, with the green, bounding sea below, and the bright Heaven above, make up one of those pictures of nature which are indeed worthy to be reflected in the mirror of Art. There is a touch even of genuine composition, invaluable when really imaginative and not manufactured, in this work of Mr. Hook's. The wave, gathering itself up as breakers do for a determined charge upon the shore, tilts the boat buoyantly to the left, throwing all her lines into new freedom and grace of curvature, and telling us how the ocean-bird can ride the waves far out to sea yonder. We are prepared to say that in mere technical power of composition, this fresh and unpretentious picture is incomparably superior to the works of the Academician. The pictures of Mr. Hart—we speak advisedly—are worth less than nothing. Instead of bearing the beholder, as true imagination does, above the loftiest pinnacles of nature, such painting lowers him irresistibly to the

region of paste-board and footlights. Let the reader look at these pictures beside Mr. Hook's, turning also for a moment to No. 74, where a parcel of strutting play-actors stand for idealizations of Barons of England, and he will not only perceive what we mean by the terms healthful and sickly in application to Art, but may learn to appreciate in some degree, spite of Academical reviewers, and innumerable croakers of less degree, what Mr. Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites have done to purify and invigorate the Art of Great Britain. The leprosy of false idealism has been almost cast out. English Art, having washed in the river of nature, has the freshness and ruddy vigour of health on the cheek, and if the full power of manhood is still to be attained, displays, at least, the simple beauty and the blooming promise of the child.

Mr. Hook's other works of the year are not quite equal in excellence to that we have named, but all he exhibits is worth observation. We have seen the boat touching the shore; at No. 22, we have her out at sea. The fisherman and his son, "Whose bread is on the waters," are on the deep, one or two mottled sea-birds their sole companions, with the shining levels of ocean around, and the net coming in to their haul over the side of the boat, gently heeling with its weight. The sky has a general tone of grey, with the faintest suffusion of warmer colour towards the horizon, and darker though by no means threatening films of rain-cloud above. One other subject has been furnished to Mr. Hook by the life of the Cornish fisherman, but in this third instance his power is unequal to the task he has attempted. He has chosen that stanza in Tennyson's marvellous lyric, "Break, break, break," in which the sailor-lad is represented singing in his boat on the bay, and has attempted to set before us this incident, along with the general scene of the poem. He has succeeded as far as any painter is likely to succeed. The beetling cliffs of dark green guard the bay, veiled faintly by floating, equally diffused, impalpable haze, delicately suggesting the tender melancholy and the solemn grace of "a day that is dead." The spray rises thin and ghostly in one distant wreath, as the languid sea "breaks, breaks, breaks" on its cold grey stones. The boy sits with his sister in the boat—his face, it must be said, not very songful or joyful—while the girl laves her arm in the water. The boat dips gently on the near-side, where the girl sits; and that strange, bright, translucent green—the crystal of the deep sea coloured by the piercing sunbeam—which all who love boating know, gleams underneath. The white-sailed ship is seen near the horizon, stealing on to "the haven under the hill." The haze of summer light and heat, with the sober grandeur which that aspect imparts to Nature, floods the whole prospect. Beautiful and felicitous! The green of the sea, under the boat, is proof of the keenest observation of Nature. Two incidents of the poem—the fisherman's boy shouting with his sister at play, and the sailor-lad singing in his boat on the bay—which could not have been separately represented by the painter without sacrifice of breadth, are happily conjoined by Mr. Hook: the sister being given to the sailor-lad, and placed beside him in the

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boat. But if we are asked whether the painter has fully realized the conception of the poet, or even whether, working with his own materials, he has achieved an effect equal to that of Mr. Tennyson, we must answer in the negative. The suggestiveness of the poem is such as compels us to use the word "infinite;" it mingles lights of sadness and joy, of bridal robe and funeral pall, with subtle and ærial changefulness, such as the brush and the pencil can never attain. The language of painting—form and colour—is clear, definite, precise, and, therefore, limited; poetry—using the more plastic medium of words—can, by a thousand nameless hints, evoke the imagination which stimulates, suggests, and weaves together webs of varied association. Tennyson's words have very often an exact expressiveness comparable to that of line and colour; but the lyric, "Break, break, break," is a magnificent illustration of the suggestive and stimulating energy of imagination.

Mr. Hook exhibits a single landscape, (301), entitled, "The Valley on the Moor." A moor is supposed to be naturally somewhat dreary and chill; and these qualities would, we dare say, be present in still greater degree in a valley on a moor. But surely there would have been some touch of bright colour, some golden furze, or wild-rose dashed with dew, or pool to which a stray sunbeam made its way through the clouds, to relieve its desolation. In Mr. Hook's valley, the chilly fields slope towards a chilly hollow, in which creeps a chilly stream, spanned by a rustic bridge. We shiver as we look upon the scene. A herd-boy sits on the bridge, contemplating a very small hill cow and her calf, lazily standing in the stream. Perhaps we ought to thank Mr. Hook, in these days of railways and factories, for setting before us a landscape so remote, silent, and primeval. Originality in choice of subject is always a high merit. But we confess that this moorland valley is too dank and downcast for our sensibilities; the herd-boy, at least, might turn round, and give us a smile, instead of presenting to us his back, and devoting all his attention to the cattle. Mr. A. W. Hunt's "Flood and Wind at the Head of a Welsh Pass," (505), is one of the most imaginative and powerful landscapes of the year. The Academical authorities have put it on the floor in the north room, entailing on the beholder the painful necessity of stooping, and the no less painful sense of unseemliness and impossibility in looking down upon tops of mountains. Flood, we have here, and wind in all their grandeur; the cloudrack rending about the massy hills, and the sun seizing the opportunity of a rift in the shadowy curtain to fling a broad burst of red light on the brow and summit of one of the mountains. A sorry reward, gentlemen Academicians, for watching Nature at the heads of Welsh passes amid storms like this, and for bringing an effect seen perhaps once in a lifetime upon the canvas, to have your picture thrust out of sight in a corner. But Mr. Hunt did not paint such a picture without having his reward. We venture to say that Mr. Creswick's picture on the line, "A Relic of Old Times," (262), did not cost him so much effort as

Mr. Hunt's Flood and Wind, nor would we prize it so highly as Mr. Hunt's work. It is, however, a fine picture, not unworthy of a name which will always be honoured by lovers of modern landscape-painting. On the left is a wooded river-bank, crowned by a ruin, about which rooks are flying, and over which is the faint effulgence of yellow sunset. The river flows in front, and some cattle have come down the bank to drink. The feeling of the picture is true, and the foliage, touched partly with the brown of autumn, but, in general, merely the deep green of late summer is pleasing to the eye. Mr. Creswick has not pushed on to the vigorous realization of the young school, and there is a sense in which his picture is a relic of old days, on which it might not be gracious to insist. Mr. Brett's "Hedger," (360), is modern enough, but is illustrative of the defects as well as the merits of pre-Raphaelite landscape. The hyacinths droop, indeed, in the dim recesses of the hedge, and breadths of very actual primroses light the air. The red-faced hedger is a specimen of his class, about whom Mr. Barnes might give us one of his "whomely lays," and his small daughter, carrying his still smaller infant, and coming with father's dinner from the cottage, is very rustic and very natural. But the foliage around can with difficulty be accepted for the foliage of early spring: it is too stiff. The pre-Raphaelites must remember that the character of foliage is airiness and grace, wayward freedom and infinite joyous picturesqueness, and that, if their sternness of finish is incompatible with this, they are, in one respect at least—and that, for the landscape painter, a most important respect—untrue to nature. Having seen Mr. Brett's "Val d'Aosta" of last year, we can hardly assert that he is unable to render foliage in its utmost freedom; and it may be that there are a few days in spring, the trees just struggling into leaf, when they look as stiff and uncomfortable as those in his present picture. But this fact, while vindicating Mr. Brett's execution, would not vindicate his choice of subject, except simply with a view to practice; and we cannot help warning the pre-Raphaelites against the danger of losing, in their laborious exactness of execution, the grace, freedom, and gaiety which must mark all correct rendering of Nature's foliage. We can notice but one other landscape, although there are several which will repay a careful examination. In "Pegwell Bay, Kent: a Recollection of October 5th, 1858," (141)—Mr. Dyce has satisfied all his own requirements of delicate feeling, exquisite finish, and pure and tender colour. The time is summer evening; the sun is beneath the horizon, but his last smile still rests, in soft glow of purple and crimson light, upon the slumbering ocean and the tranquil shore. In the foreground are two or three ladies engaged, as was to be expected in these days, in completing their conchological collections. On the right is a ridge of chalk cliffs, their glare subdued in the fading light; on the left, the placid levels of the sea stretch away to the horizon. In the middle distance, between sea and shore, are low, weeded rocks, over which the tide rises daily, and which are now encompassed by the still shallows of the ebb, into which the sunset falls. They

show like darker gems set in a plane of rubied light. This passage, rich and subtle in its beauty, is the finest in the picture. On the whole, this is a noble work, painted in love, the production of a fine mind and a tender imagination. But there is, we at first hardly know how, a drawback. We admire, we even wonder, yet we cannot help feeling that the impression made is not powerful. Is it that the cliffs lack majesty and strength, and have a niggled, shelfy look? It may be so in part. But principally, we have no doubt, the effect is interfered with by the conchological ladies. They are too prominent not to be particularly observed, and it is impossible to rescue them or their occupation from triviality. It is fashionable to be scientific at the coast; that we feel to be the whole account of their science. Their pursuit, therefore, is a mere pastime; and this impression is not in unison with the mellowed splendour of that sunset, with the solemn beauty of that ocean. The breadth, the unity, necessary to powerful and lasting impression, are wanting; the picture cannot be felt as a whole; it has the fatal defect of not being an imaginative harmony.

Sir Edwin Landseer's "Flood in the Highlands," (106), occupies the post of honour in this Exhibition, and no one will grudge the distinction to our vigorous and thoroughly English painter. Sir Edwin's right hand has not lost its cunning. Three of the dogs in this picture are worthy of his prime. We suppose it is hardly necessary to inform the reader that the dogs in question form part of a somewhat motley crew of refugees, the inmates or dependents of Alick Gordon's cottage in the Highlands, who, when the flood came roaring down from the hills, sought safety on the roof. There are the blind, old grandfather, the young wife and child, and two growing boys. The sheep have been dragged up, and the three collies have not been left behind. One of these last is squatted almost on the ridge of the roof high above the flood, and has a look of selfish doggedness, with little of keen alarm; another sits gazing on her puppy, held by one of the boys, and has evidently made up her mind to sit by it to the last; a third is in a state of total and cowering dismay, unable to lie down from agitation, and yet forced to stand still, from not knowing whither to turn. Each of these dogs is a separate and felicitous study. The human figures are sufficiently well-managed. The old man is stunned and stupified with dismay, and the expression of one of the boys is that of mere sheepish terror. But the other boy and the young mother gaze with frantic intentness into the valley, their eyes evidently fixed on some object struggling in the water. The name of Alick Gordon is conspicuous on the signboard of his cottage, and we cannot but miss him from the roof. Do his wife and son look with that maniacal eagerness, because they see him battling with the flood to reach them? An ox and goat are seen making helpless efforts to reach the roof, the eye of the ox blood-shot, his nostril red, his tongue protruded. In a back-water beside the lintel of the cottage, several ducks float calmly, the painter having brought his most tender skill to perfect their soft bright colours, and to show their happy unconsciousness of danger. The background of

the picture, if background it can be said to have, is the thick darkness of mist, and rain, and tempest, through which on the left the flooded torrent is seen rushing headlong from its mountain gorge, masses of loosened rock groaning and thundering in its bed, and the dim light of its tawny foam breaking from the gloom. This picture is not without its faults; certain of its incidents are ill-chosen, much in its perspective seems incomprehensible; but it is a notable and powerful work.

We can do no more than mention several works, which it would be pleasant, and not uninteresting, to describe at length. Mr. Goodall's "Early Morning in the Wilderness of Shur," (295), the Arab encampment just breaking up for the day's march, shows that bright and cheerful moment in Arab existence, ere the dawn's rosy light has yet glowed into the flaming rays of noon, when the music breaks from Memnon's statue. The picture is alive with animated gesture and brilliant colour—the steel-pointed spear; the picturesque firelock; the stately camel, holding its head high to sniff the breath of morning; the turbaned, bright-robed Arab; the dark Ethiopian slave; the deep blue of the sea behind; and, on its farther shore, a range of noble hills suffused with the blush of sunrise. From an opening in this range of hills tradition affirms the children of Israel to have emerged, in order to pass between the cleft surges of the Red Sea; and the painter represents that sea as no rippling tide-course, which can be traversed at ebb, but a deep and heavy mass of waters.

Mr. Cooke, who loved to paint the flapping sail and the smooth sea, or who, at best, ventured to show the big boat of Venice bounding beneath Italian light, has this year surprised us with a picture of "*H.M.S. Terror, in the Ice of Frozen Strait, April, 1837*," (248). The vigour and originality of this choice deserve the highest applause; and Mr. Cooke has spared no toil in making his work true to nature. The vessel, hemmed in by the ice-floes, which are dashed and wedged together in huge angular masses, rests beneath the leaden sky of northern winter, while a dim suffusion of red light, from a sun below the horizon, glimmers overhead on the right. Ghastly stillness, and horror of infinite cold, the blue shadows of the ice-crevices flitting like spectres about the winding-sheet of nature, seem to pervade the dusky atmosphere. Such is the scene of which the pursuit of truth, or the mission of love, have taught brave hearts, time after time, to front the terrors.

Mind and eye turn gladly from this pallid and deathly prospect to Mr. Phillip's "*Marriage of the Princess Royal*," (58). Here all is sweet play of variegated light, on silken robe, and stately plume, and blushing cheek. The daughter of England kneels before the altar, beautiful maidens wreathing out like a rose-garland behind. Her Majesty, queenly in dignity, motherly in grace and tenderness, is the foremost figure in the proud company; while the glistening eyes of the Prince of Wales, of Prince Alfred, and of the Princess Alice, show that, in looking on the bride, they think more of the sister than of the Princess. One of the most felicitous pictures of its class that was ever painted!

"The Black Brunswickers," (129), by Mr. Millais, exhibits the supreme technical power of this painter, but has no other merit. A black-uniformed Brunswicker is about to proceed to Waterloo, and urges his way past his ladye-love, who holds the handle of the door, and seeks to prevent his exit. The young lady and young gentleman do not appear perfectly to understand each other, much less could it be expected that we should understand them. Happily, we have not the smallest interest in their difficulty, and merely noticing the masterly drawing and powerful colouring of Mr. Millais, we pass to a picture of which the meaning is as plain as it is weighty.

Few pictures of the year are more remarkable for earnestness of purpose, and force and distinctness of effect, than Mr. A. Solomon's "Drowned! Drowned!" (478). A party of revellers, masked in various costume, return home, as the first streaks of morning are beginning to break upon the night, across Westminster Bridge. The light of a lamp not seen in the picture, beneath which the party are passing, is shed upon their forms and faces. A "gay" female, flushed, and laughing wildly, hangs on the arm of a profligate, who is first of the band. Suddenly he is arrested by a face which gleams upon him in the light of a policeman's lantern. It is that of a girl who had fallen his victim, and whose stiff and disfigured corpse has just been dragged from the bed of the river. The open mouth and sunken cheek of the corpse show ghastly in the yellow lamp-light, though a wan effulgence of beauty still lingers on the features. A dog, soaked and dripping, that has evidently been employed in recovering the corpse, looks up in the face of the seducer. The latter has started on seeing the face, and taken his cigar from his mouth. His expression, and the gesture of his right hand, are too demonstrative—we had almost said, theatrical; the paleness of suddenly-sobered guilt, the blank stare of a conscience-stricken Cain, are what the mind seeks for the occasion. But his countenance is not without strong feeling, and the stern and literal truthfulness of the story gives to the picture a powerful general effect. An exceedingly tender pathos is added to the whole by the presence of a flower-girl, manifestly the sister of the deceased, who now tends *two* flower-baskets. The light from the lantern which falls on the face of the corpse touches also the cowslips in the basket by which *she* once stood!

The pictures in the Academy's Exhibition have occupied almost the entire space at our disposal, and we can add but a few words on two works which merit a far more ample notice. The first is Mr. Barker's "Meeting of Havelock, Outram, and Sir Colin Campbell," under the walls of Lucknow; the second, Mr. Holman Hunt's "Finding of the Saviour in the Temple."

Messrs. Agnew and Sons, of Liverpool and Manchester, deserve credit for having commissioned, and Mr. Barker deserves credit for the way in which he has executed, the noble national picture of the meeting of the Generals at Lucknow, on the 17th of November, 1857. It is national in the best sense. Panoramic in breadth and general

effect, it is yet founded throughout upon reality and truth. Sketches made by Mr. Egron Lundgren, a living artist, on the spot, have enabled Mr. Barker to set before us the blaze of Indian light as it really falls on stately palm and swarthy cheek—to show us costume as it is actually worn—and to convey no inaccurate idea of the palaces, and cupolas, and gold-touched minarets of the capital of Oude. In painting his figures, the artist has endeavoured to preserve the strictest truth of portraiture. The incident he commemorates is one which ought to be imprinted on the memory of the British nation. It is an incident of which fathers will tell their children centuries hence, when they wish to stir their nobler impulses by tales of “the brave days of old.” Sir Henry Havelock, toil-worn and battle-stained—his brow and cheek pale with the anxiety and peril of that terrible advance from Cawnpore to Lucknow—is seen in the centre of the picture greeting Sir Colin Campbell. The rugged and stalwart veteran of the Crimea takes the right hand of Havelock in both his, giving him a genuine Highland welcome. General Outram, half-a-step behind, introduces Havelock to the Commander-in-Chief. Left of Havelock, from the spectator's point of view, are Sir John Inglis, Sir David Baird, and the rough-looking, gallant-looking Metcalfe. These all are on foot. To the right, on horseback, are General Sir James Hope Grant, Colonel Greathead, and Major Anson; while, still farther to the right, and on foot, are Horman, Mansfield, William Peel, and Adrian Hope. All these are recognizable; and we gaze long upon them there, as the fierce heat strikes on their foreheads, and the dust and sweat of the fight, which is even now going on, cling to their garments. Sir Colin Campbell's white charger, held by his Syce in picturesque garb of green, crimson, and blue, and Adrian Hope's dappled Arab, diversify the scene. The accessories are good. In the right corner, a sun-struck Highlander is ministered to by a native with water; behind is an elephant yoked to a gun, and one or two red-faced, rattling tars. On the left, a wounded soldier stretches in earnest affection towards Havelock; a camel lies screaming upon the ground; and some natives quarrel over spoil. Behind are the stalwart frames of Sikh horsemen. Red lines are seen in the distance, from which the roll of British musketry seems to fall upon the ear; and shattered buildings and burtsing flames speak the desolation and terror of war. Our country friends, visiting London, will do well to bend their steps to Waterloo-place, and have a long, steady look at this admirable picture.

Very different in kind, belonging to a far more rare and ethereal style of art, the first picture of the year, without a second in or out of the Academy, is Hunt's “Finding of the Saviour in the Temple.” This, taken all in all, is the highest achievement yet wrought by the pre-Raphaelite school. It marks the time when all must acknowledge the promise—in which, at one time, few put trust—to have become magnificent performance. Shrinking from no severity of historical research, spending a year and a-half in Palestine in order to study costume and countenance in the ancestral land of the Jews, and

devoting five or six years to the completion of his picture, Mr. Hunt has realized a work which must be classed among the costliest treasures of his country. The scene is the Temple of Moriah, well known to have been the most splendid structure of the olden world. Its floor is rich marble, its porch and pillars are coated with beaten gold. The gleam of golden colour blends with the rich attire of the figures in front, part brilliant in light, part rich, and clear, and cool in shade. Colouring of subtle and exquisite power, purple and white, scarlet and green, blue and delicate red, ravishes the eye with beauty. But the brightness of the surrounding tints does not prevent it from meeting and being arrested by what is indeed the eye of the picture. One fair Boy, the bloom of health upon Him, but solemn purpose and radiant purity in his rapt eye, leads the attention easily captive. He has been "sitting in the midst of the doctors," and has risen as His father and mother entered. His face is full of tender affection for Mary, who is drawing Him to her breast; but a manifest sense of higher relationship teaches us to expect the words—"Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" The doctors sit on the left; one ancient rabbi, blind with years; a younger but hoary man, who speaks with the former; a majestic-looking doctor, in his prime, in whose mind strange thoughts seem to have been awakened by the questionings of Jesus, and who unfolds the book of the Prophets for a conclusive answer; along with several others. Mr. Hunt has admirably avoided the error of anticipating the time when the high priests and doctors had become the irreconcilable enemies of that Boy. Their interest now is in an intelligent and wonderful child, who has left His young companions to seek wisdom among the elders. This mode of treatment is evidently consistent with fact, and gives an inexpressibly gentle and noble charm to the picture. The painter's conception of Christ, also, is new; but he had every right to abandon monkish languor and pallid intellectualism, and to show the Son of David ruddy and beautiful as His father when he followed the flock. We have been able here to give the reader but a glimpse of this picture. We advise him to see it, and study it for himself.

VIII.

THE GREAT ARMADA FIGHT.—No. II.

THE history of English maritime enterprise is the brightest page of a brilliant story. The roots of our naval supremacy stretch far back into Norman, Danish, and even Saxon times. In truth, it runs in the blood. There never was a time when the English were not daring and successful sea-rovers. From Beowulf to Nelson it is the same tale. The Vikings live again in the exploits of our great Admirals. The Englishman is conscious of an at-home-ness on the stormy ocean, which is unshared by any other people in the world. The age of Elizabeth opens a new era in our naval history. The seamanship of England broke out in her reign in a series of the most daring and consummate exploits recorded in history. In a former paper, I have described the exploration of the Arctic Seas by her mariners. In that cradle was nursed some of the courage and seamanship which shone so conspicuously in the defeat of the Armada. In 1576 Frobisher sailed to the Arctic Seas to force a new path to Cathay. Two boats, "between 20 and 25 tunne a-piece," were all that he thought needful to battle with perils, which all the resources of the English Navy have since been tasked to meet. He was moved, he tells us, by a gallant hardihood, "as it was the only thing in the world left undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate." In 1585 John Davis discovered Davis' Strait, and reached 78° north, in the *Moonshine*, a little bark of 35 tons. Meanwhile, a greater man than either of these had made a grander exploration, which opened up the world to British enterprise and skill. The desperate attempt to force a passage to the N.E. and N.W. arose from the fear that the English Navy would never be able to cope with the great armaments of Spain and Portugal in the broad ocean. It was thought by our merchants that their only chance of trade was in the discovery of an independent track. A few casual encounters between English and Spanish ships had a little shaken that opinion; and about the beginning of Elizabeth's reign, the idea began to dawn on the minds of our sea-captains that they need not fear to meet any armament in the world, even on the high seas. It was Drake and Hawkins chiefly who let this light in upon the nation. In 1573 Drake made a most successful expedition to the West Indies; having first justified his somewhat piratical foray by the judgment of a pliant chaplain, "That as he had lost a considerable sum by the treacherous dealings of the Spaniards, he was justified in repaying himself out of their treasure

anywhere about the world." Drake, who had something of the Puritan about him, joined with the sea-rover, doubtless found comfort in the clerical license — a kind of letter of marque sealed in the chancery of Heaven—but I suspect, on the whole,

The good old rule contented him,
The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

It is a rule which prevails much in a simple state of society, and in such a state is the only practical solution of many of the vexed questions of the time. In that expedition, from the top of a hill or tree, on the isthmus, he caught sight of the Pacific Ocean: and, falling on his knees, vowed by God's help to bear the English flag into those unknown seas. In 1577 he sailed, with five little ships and 160 men, on his memorable enterprise. In a former Paper I have given some sketch of his voyage round the world. His hardy seamanship, his masterly command of men, his utter contempt for any number of Spanish ships, and his burning hate against the Spaniard for the cruelties and brutalities which daily came under his eye, are most conspicuous. In three years he returned with but one ship out of the five, with £800,000 of booty, and the glory of being the first sea-captain who had circumnavigated the world. His return to London was a great triumph; he became at once the most renowned mariner of his time; and he planted an intense hatred and contempt of the Spaniard, and an assurance of superiority, in the breasts of all the great seamen of his day. Raleigh, Gilbert, Grenville, I must not even mention, but pass on to the year 1587, when the magnitude and object of the Armada became patent to all the world. Then Drake, by the Queen's commission, set forth to delay, if possible, the sailing of the fleet for another year; it might be that he would cripple it altogether. The whole expedition is one of the most daring and successful on record. His old contempt for the Spaniards led him, with his thirty ships, in the most reckless manner, into the Spanish ports. One of the ships only was the Queen's; the rest were furnished by the merchants of London, partly as a private venture, and partly for the public good. He dashed into Cadiz, where a fleet was waiting to join the Armada, and destroyed every ship—in number, it is said, not less than 100—with two large galleons. Thence to the Tagus, where he challenged Santa Cruz, at the head of the main body of the Armada, to come out and fight him, with his thirty ships; which the Spaniard, knowing well what a dare-devil he had to deal with, most wisely declined. Thence, having humbled the Spaniard in his own ports, to the Azores,

where he captured an immense galleon laden with treasure; on board which he found most valuable maps and charts of the Indian seas. These proved most useful in opening-up the unknown tracks of the Spanish commerce to our sailors. According to Camden, it led to the formation of our East India Company. Then "having," as he says, with grim humour, "sing'd the King of Spain's beard," he returned home, "laden," as he writes to Lord Burleigh, "with as much honour and victory as any man in the world could wish for." His expedition was the salvation of England. It truly decided the fate of the Armada. But his letter to the Government, printed in "Strype," contained the most grave and statesmanlike advice. "It is very necessary," he says, "that all possible preparations for defence be speedily made." Burleigh had full information from his agents in the chief Spanish ports; and in November, 1587, the Queen summoned a Special Council to consider of the defence of the realm. Of the eight able men called to the Council, Grenville, Raleigh, and Norris, are the best known. In the Spanish Council, Camden tells us, there was high debate. Some advised a preliminary expedition from Flanders, to seize and hold some port in Holland or Zealand, where the Armada might disembark the troops. Others opposed it strongly. Fortunately for us, though Parma and Santa Cruz strenuously urged the proposal, the adverse opinion prevailed. It was resolved to sail up-channel, effect a junction with Parma off the coast of Flanders, and, disembarking the army at the mouth of the Thames, march on London, and finish the war at a blow. This was probably the very worst plan which could possibly have been proposed. The Queen's Council, within a brief space, put the whole kingdom into a most complete and admirable state of defence. The enthusiasm was boundless, and the judgment of those at the head of affairs masterly. Among Lord Burleigh's State papers there is a most important document, in which every ship and every troop raised for the defence of the country is, with most elaborate detail, set forth. But there was a prior question with the Queen's advisers, should the main defence be by land or sea. The question was warmly debated. Raleigh's strenuous reasoning seems mainly to have led to the decision that, as with Athens of old, the chief trust of England should be in her ships. Still the land rose up in complete defence; England sheathed herself in steel to meet the great crisis of her history; 130,000 men, besides the Londoners, who were a host in themselves, armed for war. The organization was so complete, that, as a Spanish spy writes to the Ambassador in Paris, "a force of 20,000 men could be concentrated in forty-eight hours upon any part of the coast which might be threatened, under leaders of renown and skill." Twenty-two thousand foot and

2,000 horse were stationed at Tilbury to guard the mouth of the river; while 29,000 men and 10,000 Londoners were stationed nearer to the city to protect the capital, and the person of the Queen. But the chief interest of the struggle is naval, and to that we will now proceed. It is difficult to discover accurately the extent of Philip's preparations: according to a Spanish account which was disseminated in Europe, and which is probably the most trustworthy, the numbers stood thus:—130 ships, of the aggregate burden of 57,868 tons; 19,295 soldiers; 8,450 sailors; 2,088 slaves; 2,630 pieces of ordnance; and immense military and naval stores. Eighty more ships are said afterwards to have joined. Meanwhile the Prince of Parma had 30,000 picked troops ready to embark in Flanders, and great supplies of flat-bottomed boats, and all the munitions of war. Guise, moreover, promised to march 12,000 men into Normandy, to be transported by the Armada to England.

The English force we know accurately. In the Queen's navy there were just thirty-four ships, of the aggregate burden of 12,190 tons, carrying 6,225 men. Two only of these ships reached 1,000 tons. The largest, the *Triumph*, commanded by Frobisher, was 1,100 tons. The Admiral was in the *Ark Royal*, of 800 tons; Drake, Vice-Admiral, was in the *Revenge*, of 500 tons, while the *Victory*, of 800, carried stout John Hawkins to the fight. One hundred and fifty-seven merchant ships completed the navy. I have gone carefully through the list. Sixteen only of these reached 100 tons—not one reached 200. The men on board the whole fleet numbered 15,772; its tonnage was 31,985 tons. The supreme command was conferred on Lord Charles Howard, a man far more fitted than Drake for the command-in-chief. Camden says of him, "Of whose fortunate conduct the Queen had great persuasion, whom she knew by his moderate and noble carriage to be skilful in sea matters, wary and provident, valiant and courageous, industrious and active, and of great personal authority and esteem among the seamen of the Navy." It is not a little remarkable that he was a Catholic. It was a noble trust which the Queen reposed, and right nobly was it repaid. Burleigh, cautious as he was bound to be, seems to have had his doubts. He seems to have solicited Drake's opinion of the Admiral, of whom in June, 1588, Drake nobly writes thus: "I do assure your good lordship, and protest it before God, that I find my Lord-Admiral so well affected for all honourable service in this action, that it doth assure all his followers of good successes and the hope of victory." The fleet was thus distributed. Lord Henry Seymour was stationed with forty ships to keep the coast of Flanders in strict blockade; while Howard, with Drake as Vice-

Admiral, closed the mouth of the English Channel with the main body of the fleet. Amidst the hum of this vast preparation the new year's morning dawned. It is said that, a hundred years before, an astronomer of Königsberg foretold that "1588 would be an admirable year, and the climacterical year of the world." This was about right. Of the spirit of the English people we have the most abundant evidence. The Queen, in a letter to the Lords-Lieutenant of Hampshire, puts the simple question:—

"Every man's particular state in the highest degree will be touched, in respect of country, liberty, wives, children, lands, lives, and (which was especially to be regarded) the profession of the true and sincere religion of Christ." "*Wherefore,*" in a word, O Englishmen, "QUIT YOU LIKE MEN, AND FIGHT." And nothing loth was England. Hear this testimony from Stow:—

"It was a pleasant sight to behold the soldiers as they marched to Tilburie, their chearful countenances, courageous words and gestures, dancing and leaping wherever they came. In the camp their most felicity was in the hope of fighting the enemy, where oftentimes divers rumours ran of their foe's approach, and that present battle would be given them. Then were they as joyful at such news as if lusty giants were to run a race."

A country like that is impregnable to an invader. Spaniards had to learn it. France may have to learn it yet.

I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of quoting from the form of prayer which was offered up in prospect of this great peril:—

"O Lord, give good and prosperous success to all those who fight Thy battle against the enemies of Thy Gospel. Show some token continually for our good, that they who hate us may see it and be confounded. And that we, Thy little and despised flock, may say with good King David, 'Blessed is the people whose God is the Lord Jehovah, and blessed is the folk whom He hath chosen to be His inheritance.' These and all graces necessary for us, grant, O Heavenly Father, for Jesus Christ's sake, our only Mediator and Redeemer."

The Armada, too, had its Liturgy. The instructions to the Duke of Medina Sidonia, who had succeeded Santa Cruz as Admiral, are extant. They are clear and able, but painfully elaborate. One feels that a little good sense and good seamanship would be worth them all. The orders against vice and profligacy were strict, and doubtless earnest; and there is this about prayer: "The company of every ship every morning, at break of every day, shall, according to the custom, give the good morrow by the mainmast, and at night the '*Ave Maria*,' and some days the '*Salve Regina*,' or at least the Saturdays with a Litany." Christ is not once mentioned. "FOR JESUS CHRIST'S SAKE, OUR ONLY

ADVOCATE AND MEDIATOR," sounds grand and solemn amid these *Ave Marias* and *Salve Reginas*. And it means much in this strife. It is the honour of the one Mediator between God and man which is at stake in this battle; and England, in the name of her one High Priest before the throne of God did gird herself for this great battle of the Lord.

The Spanish preparations being now complete, the Armada sailed from the Tagus the last week in May. But a fierce storm dispersed it, and drove it back with no little loss into the harbours of the nearest coast. Rumour magnified the disaster; and it was confidently reported in England that the fleet would need a year to refit. Elizabeth, whose besetting sin, let us thank God, was parsimony and not extravagance or profligacy, sent orders to the Admiral to lay up the largest of his ships. Howard, wise and provident commander, by no means believed the danger over for the year. He wrote nobly to Walsingham, offering to keep the sea at his own expense rather than give up the defence of the coast. Nay, he resolved to sail down Spain-wards, and see if he could not do a little "singeing of the King of Spain" himself; who could tell but that he might find the ships all crippled, burn them in their own harbours, and finish the war at a blow. Running down before a north wind, he approached the coasts of Spain. There the wind shifted to the south. Then his ability as Lord High-Admiral of England appeared. Drake would certainly have stood on. Nothing on earth would have held him back from another razzia in the Spanish ports. Howard remembered that the defence of England was his charge; he reflected that with the south wind, the Armada might slip by him, and find the coast defenceless; and so at once he stood about and returned. Ignorant of the movements of the Armada, the fleet went into Plymouth; and there, in those early July days, were gathered in that little western town, intensely excited, but finding time hanging heavily on their hands, the first seamen of the world. The Howards, Sheffield, Raleigh, Frobisher, Hawkins, Drake, Townshend, Fenton, and brave John Davis, just back from a harder battle with the Polar ice. In the list of ships the name of John Davis occurs as captain of a little boat of 20 tons—doubtless, the gallant Arctic mariner turning out in a fishing-boat, to strike a blow for merry England and the Gospel. One would like to be able to look into Plymouth, and to hear them talk in those days. Meanwhile, though they knew it not, the Armada had sailed finally from the Tagus on the 12th July. On the 19th, there was bowling on Plymouth Hoe. The idle but anxious mariners, casting many an eager gaze round the glorious horizon which that spot commands, were solacing themselves, Drake foremost, with a merry game of

bowls. Suddenly one Fleming, a well-known Scotch rover, blunders in among them, and declares that he has seen the Armada off the Lizard, within four miles of his ship, and has hurried to Plymouth with the news. All start up in livid excitement, but Drake, cool and humorous, and not to be hurried by a Spaniard, will have the game played out to the end. Then every man braces himself to work. The wind was blowing stiffly right into the harbour. None but English seamen probably could have got out the ships. "But indeed," says Camden, "with singular diligence and alacrity of the seamen, whom he," the Lord-Admiral, "encouraged at their halser work, assisting them and the common soldiers in doing it in person," 54 of the ships were warped out to sea in the teeth of the gale, and started like hounds on the track of their game.

The next day the Armada was discovered standing up-channel under full sail, in the form of a crescent, the horns of which are said to have covered seven miles. Lord Howard had already settled, with consummate wisdom, the plan of the fight. Daring and seamanship were the English characteristics; speed, lightness, and weatherliness the qualities of their ships. Howard, determined that these qualities should have the fullest play, and "seeing that his ships could turn about with incredible celerity and nimbleness which way soever they pleased, to change wind and tack about again," he resolved that it should be a running fight. The huge Spaniards were to be harassed by ceaseless attacks, stragglers were to be cut off, and all which individual daring and skill could attempt with the likelihood of success was to be enterprised; but close fight and boarding were forbidden, as the rule of the action; for the size of the galleons and the troops on board would give them in that case a great advantage over their nimble foes. Confident in his seamanship, and his power to outmanœuvre the Spaniard at will, Lord Howard, with but fifty-four ships, dashed gallantly into the fray. His *Ark Royal* singled out the Admiral's ship at once and "thundered grievously upon her," while Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher attacked the rear squadron under Recalde so fiercely, that it was compelled to close up with the main body, grievously battered, and with the loss of two great ships. In one of these Drake found 55,000 ducats, which he abandoned to his men. After two hours' fighting, in which he had just breathed his men, and demonstrated his essential superiority, Howard drew off to await the forty ships which had been unable to warp out of Plymouth in time to join the first day's fray. That night and next day there was some confusion in the English fleet. Howard, with two ships, the *White Bear*, Lord Edmund Sheffield, and the *Mary Rose*, Captain Fenton, held on in sight of the lights of the

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Spaniards, but the English Vice-Admiral's lanthorns had disappeared. The truth seems to be that at sun-down Drake had caught sight of five sail in the distance, which had the air of Spanish galleons about them, and a flavour therefore—and Drake had a keen scent for such matters—of gold, spices, and Indian wares. Drake, not in the least hurry about the Armada, (remember he was as true a patriot as ever lived), knowing that he could overhaul the ships and catch the Armada again in good time for the fighting, slipped off in pursuit. To his infinite disgust, he found they were quiet Dutch merchantmen, and he crowded all sail to rejoin the fleet. But the loss of the Vice-Admiral's signals had entailed some confusion, and on the 22nd nothing was done.

On the 23rd, Tuesday, both parties set to work in earnest. During the night, Raleigh, unable to endure the suspense on shore, came off with a little squadron to join. His spirit was felt at once in confirming fully the policy of Howard. He observed that the Spanish shot from their lofty decks cleared, in most cases, the English ships; while ours, well aimed and low, crashed into the crowded Spaniards and did fearful execution. He advised, therefore, fighting "*loose and large*," dashing in and out again wherever an opening in the enemy's array offered—keeping the Spaniard in ceaseless alarm and miserable perplexity. It was a battle of evolutions, in which the enemy, though brave enough at close quarters, was as helpless as a bear amidst a troop of agile hounds. It was merrily called "a morris dance on the waters," and there was that of the old chivalry living still in English breasts, which made them enjoy the game. It was a well-fought day. Frobisher, with five London merchantmen, was set upon by overwhelming numbers, and sustained the assault with astonishing spirit and skill. Howard pressed to his rescue, signaling to all in sight to follow him. Recalde flung himself in the way with the largest galleons, and a most sanguinary fight ensued. Howard reserved his fire till within musket-range, and it told terribly. In the end, the Spaniards were compelled to sheer off. Frobisher was rescued, and, as the result of the day's fight, a large Venetian Argosy and several transports remained in our hands. "One Cock, an Englishman, died, however, in the midst of enemies, in a small ship of his"—the only serious English loss. Next day was a day of repose. The Spaniards had had enough, and the English were unable to renew the fight. An English campaign would not be complete without a bit of English blundering; and by some great mismanagement of the Government, having its root probably in the parsimony of Elizabeth, the fleet was short of stores. There is a MS. letter of Drake's in the State-Paper Office, dated March 30th, 1588, in which he remonstrates against the parsimony

shown in supplying the fleet, and prophecies what befel. However, Howard sent light ships into the coast, and got tolerably supplied. The 25th, St. James's-day, was another great day of battle. They were then off the Isle of Wight. Hawkins secured a great galleon, and then it fell calm. A breeze soon springing up, the fight became general. The Spanish Admiral's mainmast was shot away, and Recalde, with difficulty, rescued him from capture. The English ammunition again failed; and Howard stood out of cannon shot, still following closely on the enemy's tracks. On the 26th he summoned Lord T. Howard, Lord Edmund Sheffield, Captains Townshend, Hawkins, and Frobisher on board, and knighted them with his own hand. And now the coasts are lined with eager spectators. The nobles and peasantry, fired with a high enthusiasm, which levels all distinctions but qualities of manhood, come off in coasting ships, fishing smacks, anything that will float, to have their share in the bloody game. Burleigh's sons are there with the rest. A strange report now spreads on the continent. Mendoza enters Notre Dame, in Paris, waving his sword and shouting "victory." Alas, for them! 130,000 English soldiers, and 200 English ships, and a courage which never was higher than at that moment, were between them and victory. Lord Howard resolved to suffer them for the moment to sail peacefully on their way, to follow them to Calais Roads, and, being joined by Seymour, make the decisive struggle there.

So the Armada pursued its course, with what steadiness it might, being already not a little battered and disheartened, with the English bloodhounds, gathering courage, hope, and numbers daily, baying in its tracks. On the night of Saturday, the 27th, it cast anchor in Calais Roads, and messengers were sent to Parma, entreating him to join at once with all his force. But, alas! the storm which delayed the Armada more than a month had defeated all the arrangements of Farnese; his stores were spent, his army was sick, his sailors had slipped away, his boats were all cracked,—and, to crown all, the dogged Dutch were watching the only harbours from which he could get out to sea. Sidonia was full of perplexity and dread, as the fleet lay that Sunday in Calais Roads, with the resolute English enclosing their anchorage, and threatening to drive them ashore. The *Salve Reginas* had need to be potent to help them now. Then that night Lord Howard, moved it is said by Elizabeth, she herself moved—men believed in that day—by God, "made ready eight of his worst ships, besmeared them with wildfire, pitch, and rosin, and filled them with brimstone and other cumbustible matter, towed them towards the Armada, and, firing them," sent them sailing down the wind into their midst. "The Spaniards," as Camden says, "seeing the

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whole sea glittering and shining with the flame thereof, raised a sad outcry." Then arose one of those fearful panics—was it that dread of God's people with which God promised to afflict their foes?—with which great masses are sometimes visited, and in which man becomes more foolish and helpless than the brute. Slipping their cables in their fright, they stood pell-mell out to sea. When the panic a little subsided, it is said Sidonia endeavoured to rally them—as became a Guzman, a grandee of the bluest blood in Spain. But the English were amongst them. The hour of crowning victory had come. There was no order in the fight. The English ships went crashing through the confusion of the Spanish host, dealing destruction at every broadside. A prisoner, afterwards examined, estimates their loss, on that day alone, at 4,000 men. The Spaniards then gave up all hope of victory, and Sidonia, gathering the wreck of his great Armada, steered for the Straits, in the faint hope that he might escape by that way to Spain. But the south wind met him, and turned him northward, where lay his dreaded and now victorious foes. Baffled on every hand, hemmed-in by perils, he adopted, after hasty counsel, a desperate resolution; and the fleet, scattering, pressed up the German Ocean, if by chance, rounding the wild coast of Scotland, they might gain the broad ocean and get back to Spain. Then writes Drake with grim exultation, "we have the army of Spayne before us, and mind, with the grace of God, to wrestle a fall with them. There was never anything pleased me better, than the seeing the enemy flying with a south wind to the northward. God grant they have a good eye to the Duke of Parma, for, with the grace of God, if we live, I doubt not but, ere it be long, so to handle the matter with the Duke of Sidonia, as he shall wish himself at St. Marie among his orange-trees."

The whole country was in intense excitement. It was still by no means sure that they might not, in very despair, attempt a landing on the eastern coasts. Then came the Queen to Tilbury, armed in steel, with a marshal's truncheon in her hand, and mounted on a noble war-horse, Essex and Leicester holding her bridle rein—and spake those martial words which raised to a white heat the enthusiasm of the whole people.

"My loving people, we have been persuaded by some that are careful of our safety to take heed how we commit ourselves to armed multitudes, for fear of treachery; but I assure you I do not desire to live to distrust my loving and faithful people. Let tyrants fear! I have always so behaved myself that, under God, I have placed my chiefest strength and safeguard in the loyal hearts and good-will of my subjects; and, therefore, I am come among you at this time, and not for my recreation or

sport, but being resolved in the midst and the heat of the battle to live and to die among you all ; to lay down—for my God, my kingdom, and my people—my honour and my blood, even in the dust. I know that I have but the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart of a king, aye, of a king of England too ; and think it great scorn that Parma, or Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realms. To which, rather than that any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms—I myself will be your general, the judge and rewarder of every one of your virtues in the field. I know already by your forwardness that you have deserved rewards and crowns ; and we do assure you, on the word of a prince, they shall be duly paid you. In the meantime, my Lieutenant-General shall be in my stead, nor will I suffer myself to doubt, but that by your obedience to my General, by your concord in the camp, and your valour in the field, we shall shortly have a famous victory over these enemies of my God, my kingdom, and my people.”

Meanwhile, the Armada was flying to the north, pursued hotly by the English fleet. It seemed likely at that moment that not one of those proud ships would ever return to the shores of Spain. But again the English stores failed, and at the most critical moment. Effingham watched them as far as Flamborough-head, where it was resolved, “on the Thursday, to have a new fight with them, as a farewell ; but it was found on counsel that we had not munition enough for a half-fight, and, therefore, it was concluded that we should let them pass and return.” It was a bitter disappointment to the English commanders. Walsingham even writes thus significantly about it : “I am sorry the Lord Admiral was forced to leave the prosecution of the enemy through the want he sustained : our half-doings doth breed dishonour, and leaveth the disease uncured.”

Drake took a sorrowful farewell of them, but enough had been done for honour, enough for the liberty of religion, and the welfare of mankind. The proudest fleet which Europe had ever sent forth was flying in defeat and confusion, with a loss to the English of one small ship, and less than 100 men.

But Heaven seemed to lift the warder which the English, sated with victory, cast down. Three days after the English left them, Drake writes, “We were entertained with a great storm, considering the time of the year, which, in our judgment, hath not a little forced the enemy away.” This storm was the commencement of a series of tremendous hurricanes, which kept them in distress and misery, knocking about in those northern seas till the middle of September. Ignorant of the coasts, used only to the calm and straightforward navigation of the region of the Trades,

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short of water, food, and stores, with an iron-bound, harbourless shore, and a fiercely-hostile population under their lee, they suffered, during those weeks, the extremes of misery. There is something heartrending in the tale of the prisoners who survived from the wrecks which were strewn along the shore. Sick, starving, worn-out by storm and cold, they struggled on through the Straits of the Northern Seas, leaving the fragments of their great Argosies daily as their spoil.

Off Ireland, it is said, 17 ships with 5,300 men went down, either dashed into fragments against the iron-bound coast of Antrim, or sinking bodily with their living freights of 1,000 men into the depths. *Sidonia*, better stored than the rest, struggled on, but even his ship ran short of water, and the bread became so mouldy that they could hardly bring themselves to partake of the nauseous food. At length, having strewn the fragments of his huge Armada along the shores of the country he came to conquer, from Weymouth round to Antrim, with 53 ships—and those so battered and cut to pieces, and the crews so worn with sickness, hunger, and cold, that we are told they were pitiful to look upon—he regained the harbours of Spain.

The English celebrated the victory with thanksgivings to Him by whom it had been ordained. There was but one feeling throughout the whole realm; that God had most marvellously interposed to defeat the designs of the foes of His Gospel. "*Afflavit Deus et dissipantur*," was the inscription on the medal struck to commemorate the victory. The banners taken from the Armada were hung over London-Bridge on the 8th of September. The 19th of November was "kept as a holiday throughout the realm, with sermons, singing of Psalms, bonfires, &c., for joy; and thanksgiving unto God for the overthrow of the Spaniards, the citizens of London appearing that day in their liveries, heard another sermon at St. Paul's Cross."

On the 24th the Queen herself attended in state the "Thanksgiving" at St. Paul's. She and all the Protestant leaders regarded the overthrow of the Armada as a special mercy from His hand, who of old upheld His people in many a desperate struggle with overwhelming foes. And if ever one may confidently trace the great Hand of Providence, surely there is ample reason to trace it here. A series of trifling accidents, each of them slight in itself, woven together in the great loom of Providence, entangled the greatest enterprise which ever aimed at the Divine supremacy, in inextricable confusion and defeat. The death of the Marquis Santa Cruz, an able leader and an experienced seaman, while *Sidonia* was both timid and incapable: the storm which met them when they first emerged from the Tagus, and necessitated

a six weeks' delay, whereby the junction of the Duke of Parma was rendered impossible: the near approach to the English coast, whereas the orders of Philip were to steal up-channel as quietly as possible: the fortunate presence of the Scotch pirate Fleming, whose swift craft had the heels of the Spaniards who gave chase, and enabled him to bring the news, and prevent the surprise of our captains in Plymouth Harbour: the variable weather in the channel which gave such immense advantage to our light evolutions: the sudden panic at the assault of the fire-ships: and the awful hurricanes in the calm August weather in those Northern Seas—these form a catalogue of accidents, which, strung together on the string on which Sir W. Monson was able to unite them: "It was the will of Him that directs all men and their actions, that the fleets should meet and the enemy be beaten as they were," furnish one of the grandest scenes in the great drama of God's Providence in history. But there is something to my mind beyond the simple fact it *was* the will of God; it *is* always the will of God that gigantic and splendid assaults on the liberties of man should fail. From the history of this past combination, let us derive courage to face with cheerfulness, and even hope, any future combination with which Europe may threaten this palladium of the liberties of mankind. I do not allude to the insensate fear which really disgraced us some time ago, as though the will of a despot as ruthless and as self-blinded as Philip could, without any noticeable preparation, in some forty-eight hours pour 100,000 men from Cherbourg on our defenceless coasts. I attach far more importance to the thoughtful apprehension of such a friend of England as Count Montalembert, that the deepening despotism of European governments, hating bitterly the great witness which, in the name of God, our very existence bears against their principles and their deeds, may desperately endeavour, by some gigantic combination, to sweep us from the earth. It is not our religion only, but that liberty which has been nursed by it to such robust proportions, that they hate with a malignity which daily deepens—and it may be that we shall again have to gird on the sword to defend not our country only, but the dearest hopes of mankind. I do not think there is likelihood enough of this to lead us to dread it. I think our anxious sympathizers abroad too little appreciate the fact, that if the despots are against us, the peoples are with us, and at the first signal call of such a combination, would raise such a storm as would leave few despotic thrones standing in the world. But, granting the combination formed, the army organized, the armada assembled, this Spanish history has two great lessons to teach us, which should save us from a mad expenditure in costly standing defensive preparations, and spare us all dread as to the result.

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Thirty-four Queen's ships turned out to meet the Armada, and 150 merchantmen, which, though unable to meet, in direct shock, the heavily-armed galleons, so harassed and tormented them that they fell an easy prey at last.

And, now, suppose that the intelligence was flashed by the electric wire through England, that a hostile armament was gathering to threaten our coast. How many of your splendid ocean steam-ships would remain idle in your docks? From the Mersey, the Avon, Southampton, London, and the Humber, a fleet of magnificent steam-ships would be gathered in a week in the channel, each armed with a long-range gun or two, as our forts might be able to supply them, far superior in size, in power, in speed, and in evolution to the whole Armada of the World. And though they might be unable, singly or in mass, to oppose directly powerful naval armaments, yet I believe they would so throng the channel, so torment and outmanœuvre the invader, and so line the coasts, as to render simply impossible any hostile descent upon our shores. A country whose commerce spreads so widely and strikes so deeply as England's, not only has the resources of the whole earth to fall back upon, to renew her strength continually in her conflicts, but has, in her commercial navy, and in her power to handle it, a cheap and ready defence of inestimable importance, which makes her proof against the invasion of the world. One other and yet higher reason let us briefly note, why it becomes the English people to face with great calmness the possibilities of the future. If History bears clear witness to anything, she bears witness that it is the will of God that all gigantic enterprises against the sacred rights and liberties of man should fail. When human weakness dreads the encounter, He ever takes up the gauntlet, and by one of those thousand accidents—as men call them—which remain always at His command, He brings the ablest calculations of man to a shameful and utter confusion, and makes the trembling nations recognize "that verily he is a God that judgeth in the earth."

At least Elizabeth and her band of conquerors thought so, as on that 24th November, 1588, "she herself going in triumph—went with a very gallant company of noblemen, being accompanied by a princely train of those that had been the instrument of that notable victory—through the streets of London (which were hung with blue cloth), the several Companies of the city standing on both sides of the way with their banners in decent and gallant order, being carried in a chariot drawn by four white horses, came to Paul's Church, where the banners taken from the enemy were hung up to be seen, gave most hearty thanks to God, and heard a sermon wherein the glory was given to God alone. On the Admiral she

conferred a certain revenue for his happy service, and many times commended him and the captains of her ships as men born for the preservation of their country. The rest she graciously saluted by name, as often as she saw them, as men who had so well merited of her and of the commonwealth, wherewith they esteemed themselves well rewarded. And those that were wounded and indigent, she relieved with noble pensions. The learned men at home and abroad congratulated the victory with hearts transported with joy, and wrote triumphal poems in all languages on the subject."

Never, I suppose, has such a procession passed up Ludgate as Queen Elizabeth, surrounded by the heroes of that victory of victories; never did our country touch such a height of essential nobleness and power as when she, entering the west door of St. Paul's, surrounded by such a company, fell down upon her knees, and gave God the glory; and never did words of supplication roll more grandly from the arches of the earthly to the great dome of the Heavenly Temple than when the people cried, with a depth, intensity, and simplicity of national prayer, which is but a tradition in these days, "Come down, therefore, come down, and deliver Thy people by her; to vanquish is all one with Thee, by few or by many, by want or by wealth, by weakness or by strength, O possess the hearts of our enemies with a fear of thy servants. The cause is Thine, the enemies Thine, the afflicted Thine; THE HONOUR, VICTORY, AND TRIUMPH SHALL BE THINE. AMEN AND AMEN.

B. B.

IX.

THE PAPACY.

Cathedra Petri: a Political History of the Great Latin Patriarchate. Vols. I, II, III, to the Close of the Tenth Century. By THOMAS GREENWOOD, M.A., Camb. and Durham, F.R.S., &c., Barrister-at-Law. London: Thickbroom, Brothers, 1859.

De l'Origine de la Papauté. Par CHARLES PAYA. Paris: Barba, 1860.

THOSE persons are greatly mistaken who fix upon certain dates in the early centuries of the Christian Church history as the origin of Popery. In point of fact, the origin of Popery is contemporaneous with the origin of the Christian Church itself. It began before the time of Paul; and the evidences of its existence abound in the writings of that gifted Apostle. In this we regard it not as a dogma, so much as

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an ecclesiastical system : its dogma might have been entirely different, or varied by degrees of more or less, and yet its ecclesiastical system be the same, or very similar. Not that we are ignorant of the fact, that doctrines and Church politics act in the most lively method upon each other ; so that it would be hard, in some cases, to distinguish whether the mode of Church government has most modified the doctrine, or the doctrine has given rise to the mode of government. We hold this fact of mutual influence strongly, and yet venture to regard the Papacy, in its development, as the normal exposition of an ecclesiastical idea, rather than of a system of doctrinal truths, reported to have been revealed from Heaven for the regeneration of mankind. Those who hold the same view with ourselves of this matter will see, in the proclivity of the early converts to fall back into a modified Judaism, evidence in favour of that view : in the scope an imitation of its ceremonial would give for a more splendid ritual, as the Church grew in wealth, taste, and worldliness ; in the gratification which a priestly status would minister to official pride ; and in the fiscal advantages which reversion to the old system would furnish in the shape of tithes and oblations. Tithes are certainly Jewish, and can claim none other than a Jewish sanction and paternity ; hence a pontificate on the Jewish model would claim support on a Jewish basis. Hippolytus, of Portus, at the close of the second century, talks of "the grace, both of high-priesthood and of teaching, as belonging to the order of bishops."—(Bunsen's "Hippolytus," vol. i., 333.) This conformity had worked itself into the most definite shape, and most exorbitant claims, by the fourth and fifth centuries. We quote the "Apostolical Constitutions"—a compilation of probably the fourth age of the Church :—

"O Bishop, be careful worthily to maintain your place and dignity, as . . . presiding over all mortals, be they priests, kings, princes, fathers, children, doctors ; for all are alike subject to you.

"In the same manner as the Levites, who ministered at the Tabernacle of testimony, which is the exact type of the Church, received liberally their portion of all those things that were offered unto God . . . so likewise, ye Bishops, who labour in the field of God, shall live by the Church ; since, in your quality, ye also are both priests and Levites to your people in the holy Tabernacle, which is the holy Catholic Church."

In the same document, and on this ground of the conformity of the Christian to the Jewish system, the laity are extorted to pay to their Bishop, "as the priest of God," their first-fruits and their tithes, their heave-offerings and their gifts, the first produce of their corn-fields, their wine and their oil, their fruits, their wool—"in short, of all that God had given" unto them.

The blasphemous *Dominus Deus Papa* almost finds its precedent in those same sorry compilations of this early date ; for it is said in them, "Since the Lord called Moses *God*, so let the Bishop be venerated *as God*, and the Deacon as the prophet of God."

We look upon Popery, then, as a Christian reproduction of the traditional temple system of the Jews ; and Protestantism, or Pauline Christianity, as the child of the synagogue, or conventicle system of the Jews. For hundreds of years these two systems had subsisted together in Palestine—the one a sacerdotal, the other a laic institution ; sometimes in friendly relation to each other, but sometimes, we doubt not, antagonistic : the one system nourishing the intellect, feeding the mind with Scripture, developing religious talent, didactic in the best sense—a school of Scripture morals ; the other a system of shows and pomps, of exactions and imposts—addressing itself to sense—gratifying the eye and ear—claiming to rule, and demanding unquestioning obedience.

And this synagogue-origin and propagation of Christianity accounts, in part, for its ready acceptance and rapid transit over regions occupied by the foreign Jews. No foxes with firebrands found more tinder-like fuel amongst the shocks and standing corn of the Philistines, than the torch-bearers of Christianity amongst the followers of Moses in Gentile countries. For them the Synagogue was their religious home—their temple—the scene and sum of their worship. A doctrine, therefore, which appealed to the Scriptures, read in their simple sanctuary every Sabbath, and which claimed for its basis the spiritual and more Divine interpretation of those Scriptures, and which, moreover, in its officership adopted the pattern of the Synagogue, could not fail to be acceptable. A Temple-religion was local, confined, sectarian, had it been free from every other objection ; but here was one adapted, by its simple, social, comprehensive character, for diffusion throughout the world, whilst its doctrines realized every good, were sublime, pure, charitable, and consoling to the highest degree. Apart from Divine influence—of which, however, we never lose sight—we behold, in the Synagogue-cast of genuine, simple, primitive Christianity, an adaptation for progress amongst the Synagogue communities of the Jews, wherever they were scattered.

We hold with Paya in his monograph, and with the authorities on which his statements are based, that both bishops and deacons, the early functionaries in the Christian officership, found their prototype in the Jewish synagogue. This is, at least, interesting as a speculation—if not important as a fact—and allowably not essential to our argument. It by no means follows thence, as some in their alarm might surmise, that our modern episcopate must claim our exclusive homage on the ground of the undoubted antiquity of its name. The fairer inference would be that our episcopate must revert to the simplicity of its prototype in the Synagogue before it can take full advantage of its early origin. If the episcopate of the present day and the episcopate of an earlier day are two different things, the mere continuance of the name will not entitle the latter to a veneration earned by a less-developed constitution in the former.

That a separate jurisdiction should grow up in the heart of Christianity apart from the civil power, an *imperium in imperio*, arose from

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the sheer necessity of the case. Christianity was not of this world—was an exotic in an unfriendly spot—and its nature, codes, exigencies demanded an avoidance of litigation before heathen courts of law. (1 Cor. vi. 1—7.) Questions of marriage, morals, property, must soon have arisen, with increasing numbers of proselytes, requiring a judicious and vigorous administration—a necessity which at once tended to cloak official persons with growing influence and power. After the persecutions of early Christianity, which had abated nearly all their virulence before the close of the second century, and which, in the very earliest ages, had befallen the Christians from their supposed identity with the turbulent and factious Jews, rather than from any special distrust directed against themselves, the Christian population of most places, and pre-eminently of Rome, had attained sufficient importance to make friendly relations with them a matter of moment to the civil ruler. These relations would naturally establish themselves with the functionaries of the body, the bishops of the churches, or the chief bishop of the metropolis. The influence of the ecclesiastical officers would, during the troubled period of its growth, become all the greater from its being, in a large degree, a moral influence, and from the Christian institution being a permanent one, while Imperial Rome was torn with dynastic and civil convulsions. The emperor's, or prætor's, or ædile's most loyal subjects, and most easily-managed fellow-citizens, would, in every case, be the quiet, unwarlike, unobtrusive members of the Kingdom of Christ. By this time, too, what with bequests, donations, and exactions where required, what with trusteeships, superintendencies, and wardenships of deceased and existing wards and properties, the leading officers of the Churches were become rich and powerful. The Church had risen to a corporation, and places of prominence in it had become offices charged with influence and loaded with emoluments—objects for ambition to aim at and avarice to covet. These functionaries grew into supreme authorities in their own circle—one of daily increasing extent—and, as they grew internally in power, were hailed as coadjutors, in the government of the State, by the civil ruler. Not less in Pagan than in Christian times, the officers of the Church claimed the decision of all questions relating to matrimony and its kindred questions *nullitates matrimoniorum*, *successiones*, and *hereditates*—a conjunction of topics still existing in the title and business of our Court of *Probate* and *Divorce*. They also exercised that right of censure, which, where it is simply confined to the exclusion of unworthy members, must be conceded to every Christian organization whatsoever, but which, where it deals in temporal pains and penalties, or effloresces into the enormous wickedness of Papal excommunication, not only encroaches upon the office of the magistrate, but violates every instinct of humanity and every definition of spiritual office.

Long before the transfer of the Imperial seat from Old Rome to New, A.D. 329, the Bishops of the quondam capital of the Empire, claimed by their metropolitan position, and on the ground of their supposed connection with the Apostle Peter, jurisdiction over all the

churches of Christendom. The Patriarch of Constantinople, a new creation of the Emperor, could only boast of his political consideration, as Ecclesiastical Head of the new capital and diocese of Thrace; but, on all ecclesiastical grounds, must rank inferior to Rome, Antioch, and Alexandria. The claims of so ancient a See as that of Rome only shone the more signally in comparison with the novel rank and installation of the Byzantine dignitary, while the political importance of the Italian bishop took enormous strides from the date which found him residing in Rome, away from the immediate control of the Emperor, and the eclipsing contrast of courtly splendour. Any historical survey of the successive steps which marked the usurpations, encroachments, luxuries, and vices of the Popes of Rome as a secular power, must be necessarily brief to adapt it for publication in our pages. We shall, nevertheless, endeavour to indicate a few traces of progress, and exhibit some of the more remarkable phenomena in its state of fact or opinion which has gone to create the monstrous "regiment" of the Papacy, and to inflict its oppressive and unholy despotism on mankind.

At the same time, we feel bound to admit that one of its most influential claims to power arose from the fact that, amongst the Churches of the first three centuries, the Church at Rome ever opposed a steady front to the vagaries of heresy and unbelief. That enormous endowment of practical wisdom and common sense, and the power which such a faculty is certain to accumulate in its hands, which were characteristic of Pagan Rome, were also the gift of the Christian Church domiciled in that city and recruited from its inhabitants. Corinthians and Nicolaitans could find a field for their speculations in Asia Minor, Basilidians at Alexandria, and Simonites, Ebionites, and Valentinians in Palestine, but no Gnostic or Marcionite heresy could long look the steady practical good sense of the Western mind in the face, and maintain its standing-ground. The fanciful Oriental theosophies and religious dreams of ascetic enthusiasm, when submitted to the test of an understanding that had grown up amid the bustle of commerce, the pomp of courts, the clash of the Campus Martius, and the cultivation of the Forum, melted into thin air, and appeared the shadowy things they were. This had so often proved the case in regard to prevalent heresies and phantasms imported into the metropolis of the world, and there extinguished by the united action of the Christian body and its rulers, that the decisions of that Church on doctrinal and ecclesiastical questions became invested with an importance to the Churches without, which their veneration in the first instance volunteered, and afterwards, when it was claimed, conceded. An honourable testimony, on this ground, must be borne to the history of religious dogma in Rome in early days. Many doctrines of the Bible of the first importance found a faithful champion and advocate in the Church at Rome.

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gence, its habitual orthodoxy, and, even from its own presumption on all these grounds, a degree of deference in other Churches towards the Church of Rome and its prelates, which afterwards was demanded as a right upon other and fictitious grounds, just as an exacting member of a family, an invalid, for instance, receiving peculiar attention out of sympathy and kind feeling, afterwards angrily resents the denial of the same attention, as if it were robbed of an inheritance or undoubted *peculium*. On any legal or evangelical, any just or cognizable grounds, this deference does not seem to have rested ; rather, we should say, upon easiness in concession, and the operation of circumstances on the one hand, and audacity of self-assertion on the other. So Tertullian treated it in the close of the second century, who with disgust refuses to acknowledge the title of *pontifex maximus*, and *episcopus episcoporum*, assumed at that early day by the Bishop of Rome. *Depudicitia*, § 1.

After the accession of Constantine, these claims of precedence and authority were more freely acknowledged, as Rome became invested with the twofold character of the religious as well as the political capital of the world. All the authority resulting from her social and religious station had now become the subject of State recognition and positive legislation, and the mind of the Churches, in consequence, felt itself subdued and humbled, and prepared silently to acquiesce in claims resolutely asserted. Under the new circumstances in which the Church of Rome was placed, by State patronage, the rule and practice of Roman Church government naturally assimilated itself to the forms of imperial polity. Accordingly her admonitions assumed the tone of mandates, her interferences the character of rescripts and ordinances ; her discipline was presented to the world as the model by which other Churches were to shape their own ; and her ritual as the pure Apostolic order of devotion, from which none could depart without the sin, or at least the danger of schism. The secularism of the Church of Rome, properly so called, takes its date from its patronage by Constantine. Before this it was rich, pretentious, haughty, but could not fairly be called a worldly institution.

Ammianus Marcellinus, the historian, representing the heathen remnant of that period, thus describes the pomp and circumstance of the Roman Pontiff and his Church—a representation to be received with caution, on account of the animus of the writer, but not therefore to be hastily rejected :—“When I consider the love of distinction which actuates all who aspire to dignities in this city, I naturally expect that all who are anxious for the episcopate, would not shrink from any expedient of faction to obtain it. For thereby the successful candidate gains the opportunity of fattening upon the oblations of matrons ; of being conveyed about in State carriages ; of appearing in public in costly dresses ; of giving banquets so profuse as to surpass even royal splendour.” The term faction here probably refers to the disputed pontificate of Damasus and Ursinus, when the rival factions shed blood copiously on both sides in their struggle for the Papal chair. Of the peculation attendant on the distribution of alms by the

bishops, even Chrysostom complains about this time, and Jerome is frank in his condemnation of the covetousness of the Roman clergy. So great became the evil of an absorption of the revenue on the part of the clergy, who were exempt for ordinary taxation, and received large gifts and testamentary bequests from the laity, that the Emperor Valentinian, the strict friend of the orthodox party, was obliged to declare, by a rescript addressed to Damasus, that all such donations were forfeited to the public treasury.

In the reign of Gratian and Valentinian, an imperial rescript enjoins on the civil magistrates that they forward to Rome, for adjudication by the reigning Pontiff there, any contumacious bishop of the provinces who should resist the deposing power of his local superiors. The rescript is doubtful, from the Theodosian code, some sixty years afterwards, taking no notice of its existence ; nevertheless, it is not in its own nature improbable. True or false, it aimed at sustaining the lofty claim to universal ecclesiastical jurisdiction of the Popes.

The title of "Papa," or Pope, common enough in the east and in Egypt, became exclusively applied to the bishops of Rome somewhere in the fifth century. Innocent I. is dignified with it in the African Councils of Carthage and Milevis, A.D. 416.

To the bishops of Vienne, and Narbonne, in France, Pope Coelestine, writes in 428, claiming an "appointment by God to watch over His whole Church"—and a "pastoral superintendence which knows no bounds."

Coelestine, A.D. 420, displayed sufficient arrogance of language in dealing with Nestorius on the ground of his heretical opinions, requiring of him, within ten days of the receipt of the Pope's rescript, an assent to the Catholic doctrine respecting the person of Christ, on pain of excommunication if he refused. But Leo, 440, seems to have first laid definite hold of the idea of Petrine prerogative, based upon succession to Peter in the Episcopate of Rome : "In his chair dwelleth the ever-living power, the superabounding authority. Let the brethren therefore acknowledge that he is the Primate of all bishops, and that Christ, who denieth his gifts to none, yet giveth unto none except through him." To Leo the Great belongs the distinction of enforcing his ecclesiastical decrees by the aid of the civil power, Valentinian III., at his instance, issuing a decree that "no bishop of any province . . . do anything without the authority of the venerable the Pope of the eternal city ; but, on the contrary, to them, and to all men, let whatever the authority of the Apostolic see hath ordained, or doth, or shall ordain, be law." By his more immediate predecessors, and by his own agency, Leo succeeded in transforming the See of St. Peter, which before existed as a symbol of Catholic communion into a visibly existing power. There could be no communion of saints according to the developed idea of the fifth century but in union with Rome, and in subjection to the Pontiffs. As the Emperor represented the whole state, so the Bishop of Rome represented the whole Church. By a general consent at that day, and with seemingly as good a title as that of the

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Emperor to temporal dominion, the Pope stood out as the visible autocrat of the great invisible unity of the Church-catholic. For this position even Leo could adduce no canonical authority ; it was simply claimed, acted upon, iterated and reiterated, till at length the notion took possession of men's minds, and they yielded a practical acquiescence in a demand which they found it no advantage to dispute. The Church had secured, moreover, from the civil ruler by this time, an ecclesiastical judicature, the right of asylum, that of intercession for offenders, exemption of the clergy from civil offices and taxation, and in their corporate character, the right of receiving testamentary devises and bequests. By these privileges of property and dignity the Church had arrived at such a pitch of influence and power, that it was able to maintain an independent existence in the face of the northern invaders of Italy when the Imperial power crumbled to decay. She had become, to so great an extent, a governing power, and a useful ally, that her possessions were respected, her claims allowed, and the very victors became her vassals. Goth and Ostrogoth ravaged the Western Empire, and defeated the temporal power marshalled against them in successive battle-fields—but alike bowed in veneration before the tiara of the Pope, and the only social virtue and potency of the times. The priest proved more powerful to resist—it is the old story of Christianity over again—than mailed legionaries, and artillery of war.

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit.

These words would describe the actual position of the Popedom down to the middle of the sixth century.

At this period, the Popes of Rome were sustained in their struggle against Imperial authority and heretical depravity by the public opinion of the Western Churches, which naturally respected the only power that dared to cope with the Emperor and all his array. In the next century the Roman pontiffs had gained nearly all they wanted in tacit submission to their claims, as representatives of the Orthodox religion of the world—its arbiters and judges. None dared to resist except a single bishop here and there, or a recalcitrant Presbyter ; and these were soon brought to order, or silenced, by means of weapons, even then well known to ecclesiastical authority. The compact existed, at least so far back as the time of Honorius and Coelestine, that the temporal and spiritual powers should back-up their independent action by the loan of each other's help. The Pope said :—"Smite me those heretics, and I will keep the provinces true to their allegiance ;" a compact distinctly understood, and acted upon, although not at this early day couched in such plain terms. And if the centuries sixth, seventh, and eighth witnessed the opposition of the Byzantine Court to the claims of the Popedom, shown in the Henoticon struggle, the Pelagian Controversy, that of the Three Chapters, the Monothelite Controversy, the Quini-sexth Council, and the struggle about images, the world saw the Empire daily growing weaker, and the prepollency of Rome more consolidated and manifest. In spirituals, Rome bore undisputed sway,

as every conflict with the Greek patriarchs demonstrated ; and in temporals, the course of affairs and the force of acquisition were exalting the Popes to a position of independent sovereignty, wherein they could afford to regard the Prince of Constantinople as a co-occupant of the common throne rather than their liege lord and master.

The Patrimony of St. Peter was claimed as early as Gregory the Great, A.D. 600 ; the territory thus designated consisting of nearly all the Byzantine duchy of Rome. This estate, belonging to the Holy See, extended from near Naples, in the south, to Viterbo, in the north, besides many outlying farms and fiefs in all directions. In the wars between the Lombards of Italy and the Greek emperors, all that the Popes could shield, or claim, or extort from either party in the struggle became the inalienable property of the Church. The Lombards were favoured—favoured and feared, on the ground of their warlike character and conquests, of their actual power upon the spot, and their orthodox Christianity. But the Popes looked to some third party to rescue them from the double thralldom of allegiance to a heterodox and decaying empire, and of friendship with an invasive and dangerous ally. This they found in Pepin of France, whose usurpation they justified in order to secure his intervention in their favour, a procedure whose policy is undoubted, while its iniquity is transparent. Pepin was grateful, and ceded to the Pope in perpetuity the districts which his armies wrested from the Lombard king ; the rights of the Byzantine sovereign over all this territory, and the allegiance to the Emperor being quietly obliterated from the minds of the Pontiffs, whose object was to gain in order to keep, not to recover with a view to restore. They had, in fact, transferred their allegiance to the usurping King of France, because, in the crisis of their fortunes, that monarch was able to protect them, and liberal to endow them. Pepin bestowed Ravenne, Rimini, Pesaro, Fano, Cesena, Sinigaglia, Eso, Forlimpopoli, Forlì, Eugubio, Montferrata, Comachio, Urbino, Narni, and other places, the lawful inheritance of the Greek sovereign, upon the Roman Pontiffs, which these latter had long coveted and intrigued to possess. This is called the donation of Pepin, and dates in A.D. 754. Shortly afterwards, the donation of Charlemagne, his son, doubled the pontifical territories, and added thereto a moral ascendancy of still greater value. Charlemagne gained nothing but a title—"King of Italy," for the then ruler of France made war for an idea ; but all that he filched from the Lombards and the Porphyrogeniti, including the Quadrilateral, Venice, and Istria he made over to his Holiness, who pocketed the proceeds, and plumed his ecclesiastical ambition for a higher flight. No longer did the spiritual empire of the Church rest upon the shadowy foundation of the Petrine myth, but upon the solid basis of territorial power and princely grandeur. Every acre of the imperial domain in Italy, of which the Popes could rob their nominal sovereigns, they appropriated without scruple, under the shield of their powerful friend and bully, the King of the Franks ; and the emperors retorted by assigning all the spiritual jurisdiction of the western patriarch over the eastern dioceses to their

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own prelates and patriarchs. The retaliation practised by a great sovereign upon a great subject proves that by this date the Popes had reached a dangerous equality of power with the Eastern emperor, and could afford to bandy practical jokes, in which it is no libel to say their Holinesses did not come off second best. The emperors gratified their spite, and displayed impotent malice ; but the Popes clutched nearly all Italy with its civil authority and its large revenues in their retentive grasp. This brings us down to A.D. 800. All that follows is marked by equal ambition, larger cupidity, and more enormous crime ; the infamy of fraud, the red hand of murder, evil without scruple, and incapacity for everything but wrong. The exceptions are too few in after-days to be of much account in history.

We have not considered it desirable or requisite in the course of this brief historical review, to specify the names and acts of all the Pontiffs who contributed to the grand result attained by this period. We have contented ourselves with the employment of general terms, along with a few particulars, directing attention to the persistent purpose of the Romish See for many centuries, kept constantly in view, and at last, to a great degree, attained. The aim of the Romish See had evidently been to drop into succession to all the Western Empire, when the Occidental Augustus laid down his sceptre, and failing that, to secure as large a portion of his temporal dominion as craft and lust of power could acquire. We have seen the most able men in the Church employ their great ability to reach this height of acquisition, and succeeding to a remarkable extent—Kings dowering the Church munificently with the fruit of their conquests, and the fealty of their homage.

One of the very worst features of the Papal history is the imposture whereby it seeks to make its usurpations appear legitimate, its roguish gains honest, its sheer and naked plunder the free gift of the plundered. The topic suggests itself just now, from the forgery of the *Donation of Constantine*, which was adduced to Charlemagne to quicken the zeal and enlarge the liberality of the Frankish Monarch. It was a base imposture, meant to serve the nonce of the greedy Pope, whom nothing would satisfy short of what the document professed to accord—"Supreme power over all the region of the West." This document was nothing more nor less than a shameless forgery, and in this partook too largely of the prevailing character of all the Church's testamentary literature. The topic is too fruitful to dismiss in a word. The literary policy of the Church of Rome is not more characterised by the *suppressio veri* of its expurgatory indexes, than by the *assertio falsi* of its forged documents. It has that mark of reprobation which peculiarly distinguishes the prophetic apostasy of perilous times—"Speaking lies in hypocrisy, having the conscience seared with a hot iron." 1 Tim. iv. 2.

Founded on injustice, the secular and developed Papacy was sustained by imposture. Great as the Popedom is in anathema, it is splendidly great and wicked in fabrication. Bequests, donations, benevolences, subsidies, oblations, testaments, registers, pandects, protocols, vouchers, chartularies, indentures, muniments, archives, attestations,

bulls, rescripts, decretals, documents of all kinds, parchments of all sizes, she can produce of any quality, to any amount, for any inquirer. Where less inventive geniuses fail, she is peculiarly successful. No want has she without a ready supply. Others may lack gold, or goods, or apt counsel ; she abounds in *ben trovati*, lucky finds, in her hour of need. She has but to will, and wills abound ; but to stamp with her foot, and hosts of the perjured present themselves to do her bidding. Her policy is well-contrived in its double aspect, for herself and the world. As possession is nine points of the law, she grabs with covetous hand all within her reach : this is self-regard. Her next step is to forge a title ; and herein is her complaisance to the world. Diplomacy she understands to perfection—in the mission of the Nuncio and the manufacture of the credential. Rome has always driven a thriving trade in scrivening.

From the *Codex Pseudepigraphus* of the Gospels, which contains, indeed, documents of various ages, but some of early date, down through the Christian centuries, till the eve of the revival of letters, the whole course of Ecclesiastical literature has been one of unblushing forgery of diplomatic writings, many of them with a purely secular drift and aim.

We scarcely touch the threshold of Ecclesiastical history till we make acquaintance with these disreputable productions, and, once fairly within the doors, we witness little else. The claims of the Church of Rome are preposterous ; and unscrupulous, indeed, the measures which she has employed to establish those claims.

The Epistles of Ignatius are three parts a falsification ; probably the production of the third century, to justify, if so it might, the polity of the Church constitution in that day, and win the testimony of antiquity in favour of the exclusive authority of bishops against curious and contumacious Presbyters. Of a more directly Romish cast, probably, are the spurious works called the "Preaching of Peter," the "Apocalypse of Peter," the "Itinerary of Peter," and the "Clementine, or Apostolical Constitutions." These and kindred works present St. Peter in a different light from that shed upon the often-erring but warm-hearted Apostle, by the inspired Evangelists, and seek to identify him with sentiments which the true Peter would have repudiated, and with the Ecclesiastical pretensions of a city—Rome—which, perhaps, he never saw. In the controversy of Stephen, and Victor, of Rome with Cyprian (and the Cyprianic documents are as doubtful as many besides), it looms up again and again above the surface of the correspondence that the Romish bishops built much on the circumstance of being in diocesan succession to St. Peter, regarded the *Tu es Petrus* as conveying exclusive authority to his successors, and the possession of his chair as the symbol of a Church unity, and governing power vested in themselves *ipso facto*, and by Divine right. Other churches and episcopates disputed these pretensions, which is at least satisfactory evidence that they were not established, although paraded, and their antagonism put the Romish See upon its mettle to enforce, by hook or by crook, its jurisdiction. It succeeded to a great extent—for what

will not force, aided by fraud, achieve?—to the scandal of honesty—to the annihilation of independence—to the blight of morals, and the ruin of spiritual religion. Rome became exalted, but in the same proportion Christianity was stricken down—driven from the high places of the earth by the great dragon of dishonesty, and consigned to the distinction of proscription, and the hospitality of the wilderness.

But the forgery of the decretals out-Herods Herod, and puts the topstone upon the delinquency of this Apostate Church. What the Roman Pontiffs arrived at in the ninth century and had nearly attained, they justified by allegation that the same claims were advanced by their very earliest predecessors in terms closely corresponding with their own. For instance, a *Council of the Apostles at Antioch* is invented in the heat of the iconoclastic controversy, the 9th Canon of which “gives leave to make an image of our Saviour and His servants.” This seems directly opposed to the terms of Paul in 2 Cor. v. 18, as well as to the whole genius of the New Testament writings, the Gospel dispensation, and the Christian dogma.

The very first letters of the decretals are full of inconsistencies and mistakes. Peter is introduced saying, “Observe, brethren, that I ordain this Clement to be your Bishop, and to him only deliver my authority of preaching and teaching.” But Linus and Cletus are the traditional successors of Peter, and Clement only follows them in the succession. In the same series of Epistles Peter bids Clement surviving him to “write to James our brother.” But James is reported to have died seven years before Peter, whose death year is assigned to the fourteenth year of Nero. The word *primacy*, connected with the primatial claim of the Roman See moreover occurs here—an anticipation of the struggle for supremacy by some hundred years at least. Another of the Epistles addresses James in Clement’s name, James being, as said before, dead for years ere Clement succeeded to the chair of Peter. This same letter urges upon a holy Apostle, a man that had “seen our Lord,” that “the altar-pall, chair, candlestick, and veil, when grown old and decayed should be burned”—a bit of solemn trifling, more in accordance with the age of Piscinas and Puseyism than that of vigorous Apostolicity and pure Evangelism. Of the same spurious stamp is the advice which follows, that “a Presbyter shall not say mass in his parish without leave from his own Bishop.”

Three letters are ascribed to Cletus or Anacletus, a predecessor of Clement, but they boldly plagiarize out of Clement’s own Epistles, which are assumed to be written after his predecessor’s death.

Alexander supplies an Epistle early in the second century, perverting a passage of Holy Writ to make it sanction the invention of holy water. Quoting Heb. ix., 13, 14, this Pope cites, as if it were all along Scripture: “If the blood of bulls and goats and the ashes of a heifer sprinkling the unclean sanctifieth to the purifying of the flesh—how much more shall [not the blood of Christ, but] water mixed with salt, and consecrated by our prayers, sanctify and cleanse the people?”

Cornelius is quoted to support the dogma of “the Invocation of

Saints, Translation of Relics," &c., &c., and "that Clergymen ought to appeal nowhere but to the See of Rome." But these decretal Epistles bear no resemblance to those cited in the controversy with Cyprian ascribed to Cornelius; hence their authorship is not the same. If either be genuine (even this much is doubtful), the other must be spurious.

Pope Lucius follows, whose Epistle is quoted by Bellarmine to prove "that the Bishop of Rome is St. Peter's successor in the Ecclesiastick Monarchy . . . That the said bishop, teaching from the chair, cannot err . . . That there never could be found any one teaching from the chair of St. Peter who taught contrary to the faith." But the Roman controversialist, while availing himself of the statements of the Epistle (*De Rom. Pont.*, *Lib. II.*, *cap. 14*; *Lib. IV.*, *cap. 3*; *De verbo Dei*, *Lib. III.*, *cap. 5*), dares not affirm that it is authentic.

Pope Mark, A.D. 335, is cited in proof of the assertion, that seventy Canons were established by the Council of Nicæa; whereas Augustine, Cyril of Alexandria, Ruffinus, Isidore, and Theodoret, know of none beyond twenty. The spurious ones are full of superstitious enactments. These properly belong to the Synod of Sardica, A.D. 347, held as a kind of supplement to the Council of Nicæa, and for the trial of the same cause—Athanasius *versus* the Arians. But the Canons of this Synod appear to be spurious, for, a hundred years after their supposed enactment, no proof appears of their existence; and they seem foisted into the proceedings of the Council of Nicæa, in order to exhibit that great assemblage of Divines as sanctioning claims, on the part of the Roman prelate, not recognized in the General Councils of Chalcedon (A.D. 451), and of Constantinople (A.D. 681)—the latter held 300 years afterwards. A Synodal Epistle, in favour of Athanasius, would seem the only genuine act of the Sardican Council, if even the Council itself were ever held, which is not placed beyond the reach of doubt.

The Epistle of Pope Damasus to Aurelius, Bishop of Carthage, is spurious; for, fifteen years after its date, Aurelius was only Deacon. Another Epistle to Jerome is a forgery; one to the Bishops of Numidia a forgery; and another to Stephen, of Mantua, with its reply, a complete and unblushing forgery.

Pope Anastasius orders "the people to hear the Gospel standing" . . . and "that the Bishops of Burgundy and Germany address him as their Head."

Pope Innocent I. declares that—"It is manifest that nobody instituted Churches in Italy, Spain, Gaul, Africa, Sicily, or the adjacent isles, except those whom the blessed Apostle Peter, and his successors, appointed priests . . . That they who lived with their wives ought not to be admitted to minister at the altar . . . That young children, dying unbaptized, were damned." Some of these Epistles are dated, according to Erasmus, after Innocent's death—a pretty tolerable proof that he had no hand in their production.

In the Epistles of Zozimus we find the use of the *Pallium*, and the consecration of the Paschal wax-taper.

The Decree of Gelasius, about the Canonical Books of Scripture, is spurious, for several reasons assigned by Cave ; but a Treatise of this Pope, against transubstantiating the Eucharistical bread, which Popish writers throw a slur upon, is undoubtedly genuine.

Gregory II.'s Epistles, if in any sense genuine, are supposed to be Gregory III.'s, and ascribed by mistake, or design, to the former.

Pope Paul I. has several Epistles ascribed to him, which bear a date subsequent to his death.

These are only samples of the forgeries put forth under the name of Pontifical Letters—impostures, like many of the sham miracles, most palpable and disgusting. There seems scarcely an effort made to preserve consistency, or secure truth-seeming. Anachronisms abound—such clumsy literary botch-work, that they almost suggest *anacreonisms* on the part of the compiler. And this, together with spurious decrees of Councils and Synods never holden—records of resolutions never taken—answers to questions never mooted—solutions of difficulties never discussed—testimonies of witnesses who never lived—constitutes the characteristic basis of the Church's legislation. Unblushing imposture and fraud are imprinted on the entire history from first to last.

The object of these forged Decretals comes out strongly in a quotation made from them in the time of Hildebrand. In the year 1074, the second of the Pontificate of Gregory VII., one of these Decrees, ascribed to Marcellus, who is assigned to the year A.D. 304, is quoted as sufficient authority for the invalidity of Councils held without the sanction of the Holy See. The third Chapter of this Council reads thus:—"This blessed Pope [Marcellus], who, before the Nicene Council, sealed his Decrees with martyrdom, in the eleventh chapter says : The Apostles themselves, and their successors, by the inspiration of the Lord, decreed, *That there should be no Synod without the authority of the See of Rome.*" This is a brazen appeal to a fictitious document, for even Baronius stigmatizes it as supposititious. Marcellus himself is a sheer invention to fill up a gap of seven years in the Papal list with a name, and his assertion is as false as his own existence. The authority of the Apostles is against any pretension of the Roman Church to rule ; and the successors of the Apostles, who were appealed to, were not Apostolical men. In the acts of this same Council, the twelfth Roman one, a spurious letter of Athanasius is appealed to as genuine ; and it further puts forward the monstrous untruth that, at the great Council of Nicæa (A.D. 325), not Constantine presided, but the Pope of Rome, by Hosius and two Presbyters, his legates. It adds, that the Nicæan Bishops wrote to the Pope of Rome (Silvester) for his confirmation of their acts ; and that he wrote back to ratify what they had done. Many of the Roman casuists and divines, who have written on this subject, have accepted these impostures as true ; but Baronius hesitates to endorse their statements. Even Binius, the collector of the Councils, and a habitual stickler for the genuineness of all ecclesiastical documents, is forced to call them "extremely faulty and commentitious ;" while Labbe and Richer, who

have laboured in the same department of history, with their usual candour, proclaim them not only "fictitious," but "prodigiously false." The impudence of such a quotation as this, on the part of the ambitious Gregory, is only equalled by the utter baselessness of the authority he cites.

The same dishonesty which marks the public documents of the Church, infects the pages of the Commentators. If Rome will lie, her doctors will lie still more to buttress up her lies ; or, if necessary, to apologise for them, and explain them away. They will even lie to nullify her truths.

The Romish casuists touch the pitch of their plastered system, and they get defiled. Pope Adrian supplies us with a notable instance, with which we must close this most defective summary of literary disingenuousness. In his Epistle to Charlemagne, this Pontiff, after referring to Moses making cherubim by Divine command, Exodus xxv., 18, and Solomon's carving the temple with figures, 1 Kings vi., 23, proceeds thus, "Let us consider, beloved brethren, what Moses did at the command of the Lord, and that wise Prince Solomon, when, by an express order from God's own mouth, he built the house of the Lord. With how pure a heart and mind, then, ought we to worship the carved images of Christ our God, His holy mother the Virgin Mary, the Apostles, and all the blessed Saints of God, whose propitious intercession may obtain forgiveness of our sins." This miserable garbler of divine truth suppresses the fact that God did not order the cherubim to be worshipped, although he ordered them to be made—ignores the second commandment, which forbids the worship of images ; and totally overlooks the unvarying strain of the Old Testament against idolatry. If there be one thing which more than another the Old Testament does not do, it is to justify, sanction, allow, much less enjoin the worship of pictures or carven images. But the argument of Adrian is of a piece with the policy of his Church. If a lie will serve its turn as well as truth, a lie is used without the least scruple of conscience, or moral repugnance. Not a single doubt was allowed to breathe against the genuineness of the decretals for six or seven centuries, when at last a freer spirit of criticism arose, and exposed their fabrication and scouted their claims. Even Roman critics have, at last, been led to give up their validness.

The Papacy may be regarded in either of two lights—either as a *jus* or an *imperium*, a power claiming authority on grounds valid or invalid, or as an established fact. The former we may dispute—would dispute ; the latter we cannot deny. For good or for evil, the Pope-dom exists—has existed for a millenary in Europe—a bare, hard, incontrovertible fact, leaving its footprints stamped as indelibly over the course of human affairs, as those of the megatherium hardened into permanence by the pressure of ten thousand years, on the surface of the stratified clay. In either light, it is a repulsive thing—its claims preposterous, its rule inhuman. It has been a favourite argument with advocates of the Papal power, that in the cruel feudal ages the

priesthood often interfered with effect between the oppressive civil or military powers, and the unfortunate laity—that a despotic monarch and an iron-fisted baron has often found an effectual check to his brutality in the opposition of the Church—all which, in a sense, is true. The fact may be allowed to be as stated, but the motive robs the fact of its moral worth. The only idea for which the Church has ever warred has been to transfer the supreme authority to itself from the civil power. If the civil power conceded this spontaneously, and bowed the knee to the wearer of the tiara, the Pope was then ready to clinch the nail which the Jael-Cæsar drove into the temples of the subject people. If he would not himself harry and slay, he had no objection to be in at the death. He would be a consenting witness to the martyrdom he might not enact. He would justify in a vassal son of the Church what he would condemn in a contumacious Emperor. If Cæsar would only conquer the world for the Pope, his Holiness was ready to whitewash every enormity which so pious a purpose might prompt. In league with the powers that be, the Pope would go every length in oppression; it was only when in opposition to Sovereigns, who made little of his pretensions, or impoverished his treasury, that he sided with the people, and set himself to redress their wrongs. What matters it to him if Austria harass a Protestant Hungary till it threaten insurrection, provided only the terms of its favourable Concordat be carried out to the letter for Romanizing the Empire? What to him if the King of Naples establish a Reign of Terror over his subjects, provided he guard the Southern flank of the Papal dominion against heretic encroachments or new-fangled ideas of a united Italy? Give the Pope and his minions their due allowance of scudi, their ecclesiastical shows, their tomfoolery of pretentious intermeddling, and their practical comfort, and they have little cared, as they do little care, how Kings and peoples may knock their heads together in the adjustment of their mutual differences.

Such being a historical review of the early condition and baseless pretensions of the Papacy, what do we advise? Certainly not a crusade either against its constitution or its doctrines. As a secular power, we leave it to be dealt with by secular powers. If in collision with the potsherds of the earth it come to ruin, we shall rejoice in the event, which, as private individuals and journalists, we have no mission to hasten.

But, though we use no hand of violence, not even charity forbids our protesting against Rome's usurpations, treacheries, and crimson crimes. Her falsehood, her pride, her violence, her perversion of revealed truth, her subversion of natural morality, are such as to call for the exposure of faithfulness and the denunciation of virtue. But to propagate even right notions, and to proscribe wrong ones, we admit of no process more stern than argument and persuasion. Persecution in any form is the weapon of error, persuasion the one resource of truth. Prejudice is not to be rooted out by the sword, but by a stronger prejudice taking possession of the heart. We say this with deliberate

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intent, because we wish to add that bare ratiocination has less to do with a change of sentiment than many suppose. Conversion is rarely, we fancy, the result of conviction alone, but of reason and feeling conjoined. Inducements arising from the affections make most converts, conviction a few, compulsion none. There be, indeed, that are called converts on the compulsive, or mercantile system ; but they are not converts in any worthy sense. Neither is the heart enthralled, nor the reason won, in their case : they have merely yielded to the law of force.

If anything which appealed merely to reason and a sense of right might be hoped to succeed in convincing Romanists of the unholy basis of their Church, it would be the calm, upright, philosophic narrative of its history by Mr. Greenwood. This great work is characterised by every best quality of history—sober, impartial, and thorough—while its style is grave, equable, and marked by an eloquence in keeping with its theme. We are familiar with Dean Milman's work on a kindred subject,—“The History of Latin Christianity,”—and must confess that, of the two histories, so far as Mr. Greenwood has gone, we have read his work with the greater satisfaction. His publication is one of singular interest, and of great and permanent value. No commendation of ours, confined to so narrow a space as a review necessitates, can at all worthily expound its merits. It must be read and studied, in order to be duly appreciated.

X.

OUR FRIENDS.

THE sun and shadow dappled earth,
With all its friendly voices,
Is but a desert solitude,
That hums with distant noises.
Each thoughtful spirit walks alone,
In secret isolation ;
And, though hemmed round by surging crowds,
All feel their desolation.

Each moves as in a halo-sphere,
Impervious, though transparent ;
Even with those who seem so near,
Contact is but apparent.
Each has his crypt of hopes and fears,
Kept closely shut from others,
And there he hides both smiles and tears
From those he calls his brothers.

And yet this half-truth is a lie,
 If read as pure truth only ;
 We are not doomed to live and die,
 Unknown, unloved, and lonely.
 Firm hands are held out for our grasp,
 True, trusting hearts surround us ;
 And clinging arms, with tight-drawn clasp,
 Are fondly twined around us.

God is our only perfect friend,
 Whose goodness ne'er deceives us,
 Who, knowing all our secret things,
 Still loves and still believes us.
 But man, too, has his sympathies,
 Deep, delicate, and precious ;
 And, as we pass these oases,
 How their palm-shades refresh us !

Love and fear not to trust thy friend ;
 And, as the drooping flowers
 Tingle to their earth-buried roots
 Beneath soft dewy showers,
 So will his soul thrill to thy smile,
 And—with deep-hearted scornings
 Of jealous secrecy—spread out
 Like flowers in blue spring mornings.

J. E. JACKSON.

Brief Notices.

THE FAUST CATALOGUE.

DOCTOR FAUSTUS: The Man—the Myth
 —the Idea.

WHO has not heard of this same Doctor, and his famulus Mephistopheles ? He has been immortalized in more forms than falls to the lot of one man in a nation's history. The ballad-singer, the novelist, the dramatist, and the divine, have all helped to make him famous. He has been revered as a scholar and flouted as a juggler ; wafted to Paradise on the pinions of angels, and driven to Hades amid the exultant yells of imps and demons. He has figured, diminutively, in the marionettes of

Holland and Germany, and moved in kingly proportions on the stages of most European cities. Merlin has been outvied by him in miracles, Bacchus himself in wine-bibbing. The brush of some native artist drew him as a tippler astride a tub ; the pencils of Rembrandt and Sichem, as the pale seer in profound and meditative mood. He resembles an india-rubberface that you can squeeze which way you will. A strange, odd, triangular kind of man, he is ever irritating the Germans into a book-rash, and dancing fantastic measures before them, like a delirium-born goblin. He has been caught, caged, and wing-clipped at last, and it is amusing to

see the result.* With all his cabalistic art, he can only preserve the mere show of it by still retaining an odd threefold character.

Four or five places claim the honour or dishonour of his birth-place, but the testimony of Manlins and Wier, both contemporaries, are in favour of Kundlingen in Wurtemberg. He was born in the latter part of the fifteenth century, and was sent in early life by his father, whom some represent as a peasant, and others as a physician, to a university to be trained for a doctor of medicine. There seems to be some uncertainty as to whether his name was George or John, and where he went to college. The majority adhere to John as his name, and Manlins affirms that "he was a student at Cracow, and learned there the magic art. This art," he adds, "was there formerly in great repute, and there were public lectures given on it." He must have studied something more than this—in fact, medicine proper, for he soon appears as having taken his degree at Ingolstadt. For a time, too, he seems to have been the pupil of Cornelius Agrippa, of Nettesheim, learning magic and other secret arts. But he gets restless, and wants, perhaps, at first, purely and modestly to be exhibiting his knowledge and power. He takes one Christoph Wagner as his famulus, and begins life as a travelling physician, thus allying himself with the wandering scholars and mountebanks, who were the last sad decrepit representatives of the ancient minstrels. He has with him a dog, which he might represent to be a devil in attendance, but which is an ordinary-looking animal, if the likeness in Auerbach's cellar is a correct one. There might be an evil expression in the animal's phiz, contracted from connection and sympathy with an evil master, but one strongly suspects that all its pranks were mere results of mechanical

training, and that it had wherewithal a weakness for bones.

It is in these wanderings that his real character comes out like a photograph. In a letter written by one Tritheim to Johann Wirdung, the mathematician, dated August 20, 1507, we learn a little of his performances. He calls himself the fountain of necromancy, chiromancy, pyromancy, agromancy, and other arts, and seems to have addressed a puffing advertisement to Johann. But Tritheim writes, "I know his villany. When, last year, I returned from Mark-Brandenburg, I found this fellow near Geilenhausen. Many foolish things were told me about him at the inn, things which, with great recklessness, he had undertaken to perform. As soon as he heard of my arrival he decamped, and could not be prevailed upon by anybody to present himself before me." Some of the priests in the town told the writer of the above, that he had declared to the people, that his mind and memory were so great, that were the writings of Plato and Aristotle to perish from the memory of men, he, like another Ezra, could perfectly restore them. He even vaunted at Wurzburg, during Tritheim's stay there, that he could perform miracles like our Saviour.

We can follow him pretty narrowly by contemporary testimony. "Eight days ago," writes Conrad, Canon of Gotha, October 3, 1513, "a certain chiromanticus came to Erfurt, Georgius Faustus by name—a mere boaster and fool—vulgar people admire him; the priests may rise against him—I heard him holding forth at the inn; I do not reprove his boasting. What have I to do with other people's madness?"—An old Erfurt chronicle gives us further details of his visit to that city. Permission having been obtained, by what kind of speciousness we can well guess, for him to lecture on Homer to the students of the university, he gathered them in a purposely darkened room to summon some of

* The "Faust Catalogue," by Franz Peter. Leipsic.

the more famous characters before them. Two, intended for Polyphemus and Cyclops, appeared, the latter in all the glory of red-hair, with an iron spear in his hand, and the human thighs in his mouth. The room then shook terribly, two students were said to have been bitten by Cyclops, and the farce ended in the fright of all. Dr. Klinger, the guardian of the Convent, was sent to try and convert Faustus, and failing, he was solemnly delivered over to Satan and expelled the city.

The next notice we have of him is in Begard's "Guide to Health," (Worms: 1539), where he speaks of him as roving, "some years ago," through different parts of the kingdom. He called himself then *Philosophum Philosophorum*. Begard waggishly goes on—"But the number of those who have complained to me of having been cheated by him is very great. In deeds he was, I hear, found small and deceitful, but in taking and receiving money he was never slow." Probably his quick disappearance without paying his shot, caused him to be painted riding out of the door on a wine-tub, in Auerbach's cellar at Leipsic. At least there must be a substratum of fact in the scenes of the two pictures still extant in this curious old tavern. That they have remained there ever since they were painted, were done expressly for the vault, and very soon after his death, is shown by the way they fit the vaulted roof, the early date on them (1525), the ancient costumes, and the inscriptions. The pictures seem to have been restored in 1759, and there are visible traces of older inscriptions than the present ones. In the first picture Faustus is at a table, surrounded with students and musicians, lifting a goblet in one hand, and beating time with the other on the table. The inscription, translated, reads thus:—"Live, drink, and be merry, remembering this Faust and his hours. It came slowly but fully."

The second one depicts him asto-

nishing the company by making his exit astride a tub. We read that,

Dr. Faustus on this day
From Auerbach's cellar rode away,
On a barrel of wine astride,
By many mothers' children eyed;
This through his subtle art achieved,
And for it he the Devil's reward received.

Gast, the author of "Sermones Conviviales" (Basil: 1554), had the honour of dining with the omniscient and omnipretentious doctor at the great college, when he must needs bring some strange birds to be cooked. "He had a dog with him, and a horse (I believe it was Satan), and they were able to do anything. Some people told me they once saw the dog assume the form of a servant, and bring victuals." Gast, writing this between the years 1543 and 1548, speaks of his deplorable end, but I prefer to quote the account from Manlins' notes of the lectures of Melancthon and others (Basil: 1562):—"A few years ago, the same Johannes Faustus was sitting very sad in a village of the Duchy of Wurtemberg. It was the last day of his life. The landlord asked him why he was so unusually sad (but he was really the very worst rascal, and had led a most villanous life, and was several times nearly executed for his vices)." He tells his host not to be frightened that night, and in the morning, after a stormy night, they found him "lying near his bed, his face twisted round, as he had been killed by the devil."

So much for the human Faustus, as he is described by his contemporaries whose veracity is indubitable.

He began to grow into a myth ere he was well buried. His system of magic, the "*Compulsion of Hell*," printed either in his life-time or immediately after his decease, together with the "Volksbuch, or People's Book," and other biographies of him, helped to keep his fame alive. At every fair, puppet-shows represented his marvels to open-mouthed crowds, and cheap lives of him were vended,

as sheets of doggrel songs are now-a-days.

The early character of the mythic doctor probably has some of the popular element in it. The myth runs thus:—He has exhausted all human knowledge, and still thirsting for more, seizes upon magic as the key to universal science. While brooding discontentedly over his tomes, he discovers a spell, conjures a spirit, quails at first, but afterwards conquers. He then interrogates several. First comes Mochiel. "How quick art thou?" "Like the wind." "Thou shalt not serve me. Get thee back." "Like the bird in the air," answers Aniquel the Second. "Still too slow. Begone!" "I am quick as the thought of man," says Azriel the Third. "Right for me! thee will I keep." This becomes transformed into a poodle and Mephistopheles. His natural evasive celerity in life becomes a mantle of passage after his death. He pretends at first to vast learning, and that failing, he resorts to tippling and the coarsest jugglery. He runs away with Pope Adrian's cup and platter at a banquet, and boxes his ears when he makes the sign of the cross; he sells a man a bundle of hay for a horse, and dares his famulus to draw the crucifixion. So far, we discern a good deal of the historic element. The account of Manlins and Gast too, merely *suppose* the action of the devil in his death. The priests made it a certainty.

Restless in his life-time, he was not to be left without transmigration even in his death. He passes into Poland, as the myth, under the sounding name of Twardowski; into Spain, and becomes the "Magic Prodigioso" of Calderon; into Italy, and is one Don Giovanni—all legends of seers and magicians who have mysterious intercourse with demons and caco-demons, are appropriated as adumbrations of Faustus.

Here we get into the ideal. Faustus soon comes to represent the unsatisfied intellect of man, grasping at a mastery over all things. The legend

presented rare food for a nation given to psychological curiosities, and poet after poet adorned it with still wilder fancies. Lessing led the way, in a few brief scenes he at one time contemplated fashioning into a tragedy. We have him described in these fragments as "a solitary, thinking youth, entirely devoted to wisdom, living and breathing only for it, renouncing every passion but the one for truth—highly dangerous to thee (Satan), and to us all, if he were ever to be a teacher of the people." Satan attempts his seduction, is cheated by a phantom raised by Faustus's good angel, and the whole ends in the discomfiture of the devil, and the confirmation of the youth in his pure and loving desires. Here is indeed a marvellous change from the Faustus of reality, the boasting scholar, and the common trickster. The Faustus of Marlowe was founded on the old "Volksbuch," and written prior to 1590, being first acted about that time. It is much less ideal than Lessing's; hence the position I give it. The essentials of the legend are given, but the whole is a coarser and truer picture of the man, as well as the myth. In him, as the representative of Germany, we see the true spirit of the age—natural philosophy, incited by the new life of printing, merging into a mad, grotesque pantheism—the old forces combating with the new; a bible-chaining, book-monopolizing spirit, with a broad and democratical freedom of thought—the last expiring effort of mysticism to quench the dawnings of a more liberal and comprehensive knowledge.

The Faust of Göethe is really the philosophic Faust of his own age and his own self, disgusted with knowledge, human and divine, and longing for self-glorification and intellectual kingship. He would be an aristocrat in both its worldly and its mental sense. The magic and the entire drapery are insufficient to disguise the new man; he shines forth like a statue through a gauzy veil. He lives

impurely, he sins deeply, but seems to enter Paradise in aristocratic justification, saved by mere intellectual autocracy. The "Festus" of Bailey is a supra-sensitive man, tempted like Job, but with a stronger divine element in his nature than Goethe's, eventually gaining the empire of the world, and saved with the entire creation. Both are self-transcriptions, the German of his egoism, the English of his universalism.

Here we leave the weird legend—this pretentious scholar and wizard, this devout thinker and grandly dissatisfied philosopher. These are metamorphoses indeed, and fancy may run riot from one to the other for the whole length of a summer's day.

THE FOOL OF QUALITY: or, the History of Henry, Earl of Moreland. By Henry Brooke, Esq. 2 vols. A New and Revised Edition, with a Biographical Preface by the Rev. Charles Kingsley, M.A., Rector of Eversley. London: Smith, Elder, & Co., Cornhill.

HENRY BROOKE was the son of a wealthy and worthy Irish clergyman, whose dignified lady could soften down the rudeness and coarseness of Dean Swift into salutary awe. He was born in 1708; and displayed from the earliest years the sweetest disposition, united with an extraordinary desire and capacity for learning. He united in his own person the Platonic *beau idéal* of a beautiful mind in a beautiful body. His portrait represents a face of singular sweetness of expression and regularity of feature. The earliest extant account of him describes him in youth as "fresh-looking, slenderly formed, and exceedingly graceful. He had an oval face, ruddy complexion, and large, soft eyes, full of fire. He was of great personal courage, but never known to offend any man. He was an excellent swordsman, and could dance with much grace." There are certainly notes here of that heroic temperament, softened by delicate

sensibility, which appears in every line of his writings. When quite an old man, the same characteristics present themselves: "a little man, as neat as waxwork, with an oval face, ruddy complexion, large eyes, full of fire—in short, he is like a fine picture mellowed by time." He went to study law in London when he was only sixteen years of age, having already passed through a college career in Trinity, Dublin, with brilliant omens of the future—the cynical Swift himself prophesying wonders of him, and only "regretting that his talent pointed towards poetry." In London, he became the pet of Pope and Lyttleton, the *habitué* of all the wits and worthies of the time. Surrounded by the temptations of a court, he kept himself pure; and, amid the laxity of beliefs and practice common in that day, gloried in being a Christian. In a letter written to Pope in 1739, he expresses his solicitude about Pope's religious tenets, having heard it insinuated that "he had too much wit to be a man of religion, and too much refinement to be that trifling thing called a Christian:" to which Pope replies—"that he sincerely worships God, believes in His revelations, resigns to His dispensations, loves all His creatures, is in charity with all denominations of Christians, however violently they treat each other, and detests none so much as the profligate race who would loose the bands of morality, either under pretence of religion or free-thinking. Thus much I say, merely in compliance with your desire that I should say something of myself." It indicates, as we conceive, a very high degree of respect on the part of Pope for one twenty years his junior to submit to be catechised thus frankly upon the subject of his creed. The whole transaction is honourable to both the persons concerned in it.

After Brooke married very early and happily a beautiful girl of fourteen, a ward of his own, and gained £1,000 by his noble drama of "Gustavus Vasa," which was allowed to be

published but not to be acted, he returned to Ireland in 1740, and there ended his days.

For eight years he practised as chamber counsel in Dublin, with some success; was rewarded by the liberal Lord Chesterfield with the sinecure office of barrack-master at Mullingar, but eventually took up his abode at Longfield, in the county Cavan, where he built a house, and devoted himself to improving the state of the peasantry around him. But he was too literary and speculative to prosper as an improving country gentleman. In water-power and drainage he sank a great deal of money. He drained a lake, and gained a bog instead—a process which, however diverting in experiment, was ruinous in result. His pen was ever his recreation and chosen employment. In 1747 he wrote four poems for Moore's *Fables for the Female Sex*, one at least of which, *The Sparrow and the Dove*, is a beautiful reflection of his own wedded life; his nobility of soul shows itself ever most nobly when he speaks of women.

In 1749 he was solicited by a large body of independent electors in Dublin to allow himself to be put in nomination as member of Parliament for that city, but he declined on the plea of the superior suitableness of his opponent, who was acquainted with the interests of trade.

Garrick offered him a shilling a line for everything he would write for the stage—no ordinary remuneration at that day—but he would not let out his brains to hire.

Meanwhile he grew old in his seclusion, his children dying early around him, and drying up the springs of happiness in his loving heart. He was so tender-hearted that his wife was afraid to tell him of the death of even the cottagers that lived near his estate. That loved and lovely wife died 1772, only two of his children

then living, a son in the army and Miss Charlotte Brooke, the only surviving daughter. With this daughter he retired to Dublin, and died there in 1783, leaving her also to pursue a career as an author, being the first translator into English verse of some Irish songs and ballads.

The work by which Henry Brooke is best known is his *Fool of Quality*, published in five separate volumes in 1766-70. It is a beautiful story pervaded by the highest moral, but perhaps too pure and simple for the jaded palates of this generation. We would hope not. Nature is ever young; and there is a period in every human being's life when he prefers milk to strong meat. In this story we have the whole ideal and real Brooke; the education of a young nobleman by as noble a merchant-prince, exhibiting with a most marvellous variety of most entertaining incident, adventure, and episode, the training, moral and physical, of a Christian gentleman. John Wesley, who reprinted it for his followers, declares it to be "one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world; the strokes are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone." In this sentiment we heartily agree. There cannot be a better book for the young; of its kind a classic as much as the "Pilgrim's Progress." Mr. Kingsley's generous preface closes with this emphatic *envoi*:

"So go forth, once more, brave book, as God shall speed thee; and wherever thou meetest, whether in peasant or in peer, with a royal heart, tender and true, magnanimous and chivalrous, enter in and dwell there; and help its owner to become (as thou canst help him) a man, a Christian, and a gentleman, as Henry Brooke was before him."

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